

The Sketch

No. 1053.—Vol. LXXXI.

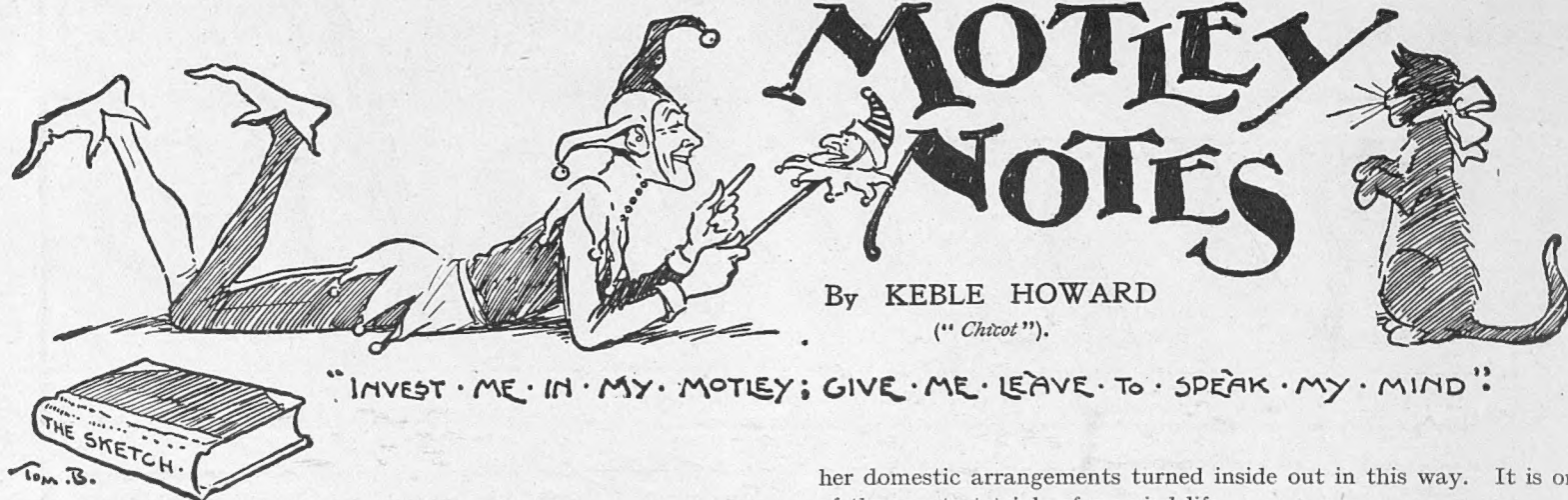
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



SUCCESSOR TO THE WOLSELEY VISCOUNTY: VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY (FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE HON. FRANCES GARNET WOLSELEY), ONLY CHILD OF THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

Viscountess Wolseley, here seen at her school for lady gardeners, was born in 1872, and became heiress to her father's Viscounty under special remainder. She is unmarried, and lives at Glynde, near Lewes, Sussex, where she carries on the Glynde School for Lady Gardeners. The pupils of this live in the village and work daily in the gardens of Viscountess Wolseley's Farm House, and in others not far from it. The new Viscountess is the author of "Gardening for Women."—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



More Rules for Wives.

Last week, friend the reader, I was mixing myself up with a difference of opinion between Professor Edward N. Reser, of America, and Mr. A. Hamilton, secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union in this country. The Professor, you may possibly remember, drew up a list of rules for the guidance of his wife. These rules were submitted to the genial secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union, who gave this verdict upon them: "A woman who is married to that kind of man is to be pitied. The drawing up of rules like those of the American husband is the quintessence of stupidity. In any proper union there would not be the slightest need for rules. Women in the general way are only too delighted to carry out every whim and wish of their husbands. This particular husband seems to think he has hired a glorified landlady, who will give him double the benefits, but who will be required to expend double the trouble over him, to which any ordinary landlady would object."

I saw at once that the wretched Professor had not a chance against Mr. A. Hamilton, especially as Mr. Hamilton is here and the Professor is there. I flung myself into the mild fray, therefore, and tried to examine for you the rules that the Professor had actually made. They were very interesting, but I must not cover the old ground again. There may possibly be a few copies of last week's issue still to be obtained. In the meantime, we come to Rule the Third.

"Quintessence of Stupidity"?

"You are at liberty to come and go when you please, but I shall not feel obliged to accompany you."

I have read that rule nearly a hundred times in the attempt to discover any latent cruelty or wickedness. "You are at liberty to come and go when you please." What more could the most pampered wife desire? It would have been more flattering, perhaps, if the Professor had said: "You shall not leave home without my permission, because I cannot bear to have you out of my sight." But the modern woman is far, far above flattery. What she wants, what she will have at all costs, is freedom, equality, and liberty. Very well. Here she has them all: "You are at liberty to come and go when you please." Is that too much liberty, Mr. Hamilton? Is that why you described these rules, Sir, as the quintessence of stupidity? If it is, I get nearer to understanding you, but no nearer to agreeing with you. Every wife, of course, should have liberty to come and go as she pleases. If she hasn't, she is more likely to go than to come.

"I shall not feel obliged to accompany you." Well? Except for the fact that this might go without saying, I find no quintessential stupidity in it. Does any husband feel obliged to accompany his wife on all her little visits and expeditions? Does any wife want her husband with her when she goes to the dressmaker's, or to the hairdresser's, or to chat with Aunt Nell? One to us, Mr. Hamilton, I think.

In the Matter of Guests.

"Guests shall not be entertained at our home except when it does not interfere with the work and comfort of both of us."

There are men, Mr. Hamilton, who, meeting an old friend unexpectedly in the street or in the club, say at once: "Hullo, old chap! Delighted to run across you! Come home with me, have dinner, and stay the night! Do!" There are men, I say, so thoughtless, so inhuman as to issue invitations in that offhand manner. (I have even done it myself.) What happens? The friend accepts, two men arrive instead of one, dinner must be hastily improved upon, a bed must be made up, an extra fire must be lighted, the unfortunate hostess must rush herself into a dinner-dress. Worst of all, she must smile, and chat, and pretend that she is glad to have

her domestic arrangements turned inside out in this way. It is one of the greatest trials of married life.

But Professor Edward N. Reser has more consideration for his wife than ordinary husbands. He will do nothing of the sort. He promises not to spring unexpected men-friends on the home ten minutes before dinner. "Except when it does not interfere with the work and comfort of both of us." He might have said: "With my work and comfort." Oh, dear, no! He proves himself, in this rule, a model husband. And what, pray, is his reward? Mr. Hamilton declares that a woman who is married to that kind of man is to be pitied! He says that the Professor looks upon his wife as a glorified lodging-house landlady! Glorified indeed—by the sweet sympathy of her lodger.

The Monthly Allowance.

"A certain monthly allowance from my salary will be given you."

Here you have a heartless rule, if you like. The Professor actually declines to leave his money lying about in little wads all over the house. He actually refuses to turn it into cash and hand it over to his wife as fast as he makes it. He will not, the brute, instruct his bankers to honour his wife's cheques up to any amount. No. She is to have a certain monthly allowance. It is to be regular. How unromantic! How sordidly mechanical! One has, it is true, heard of cases in which lodging-house landladies, whether glorified or not, got nothing at all from their lodgers, in return for much board and lodging, but an old portmanteau full of pebbles. Even this, however, would be better than the studied insult of a regular monthly allowance.

Mr. Hamilton, that splendid champion of the weaker sex, is right to heap reproaches on the head of a man who proposes to give his wife complete liberty to come or go as she pleases, together with a fixed monthly allowance so that she may pay her way as she goes. I see, now, that the Professor should be hounded out of decent society. Besides, he goes on to stipulate that "meals shall be furnished regularly"! He's the very dickens for regularity, this man! In any decent, happy home, the meals are never furnished regularly. The husband just sits in the dining-room and waits until a meal is placed upon the table. Breakfast may be served in the evening, and lunch at midnight. That is the plan that makes for economy, good digestion, mutual love, and joyful servants.

Rules for Husbands.

Perhaps Mr. Hamilton, on behalf of the Divorce Law Reform Union, will do me the honour to accept these brief suggestions for a list of

RULES FOR HUSBANDS.

(1) The house to be furnished throughout in accordance with the taste of the wife. One room to be set apart for the use of the husband. He shall not enter any other room without the express permission of the wife.

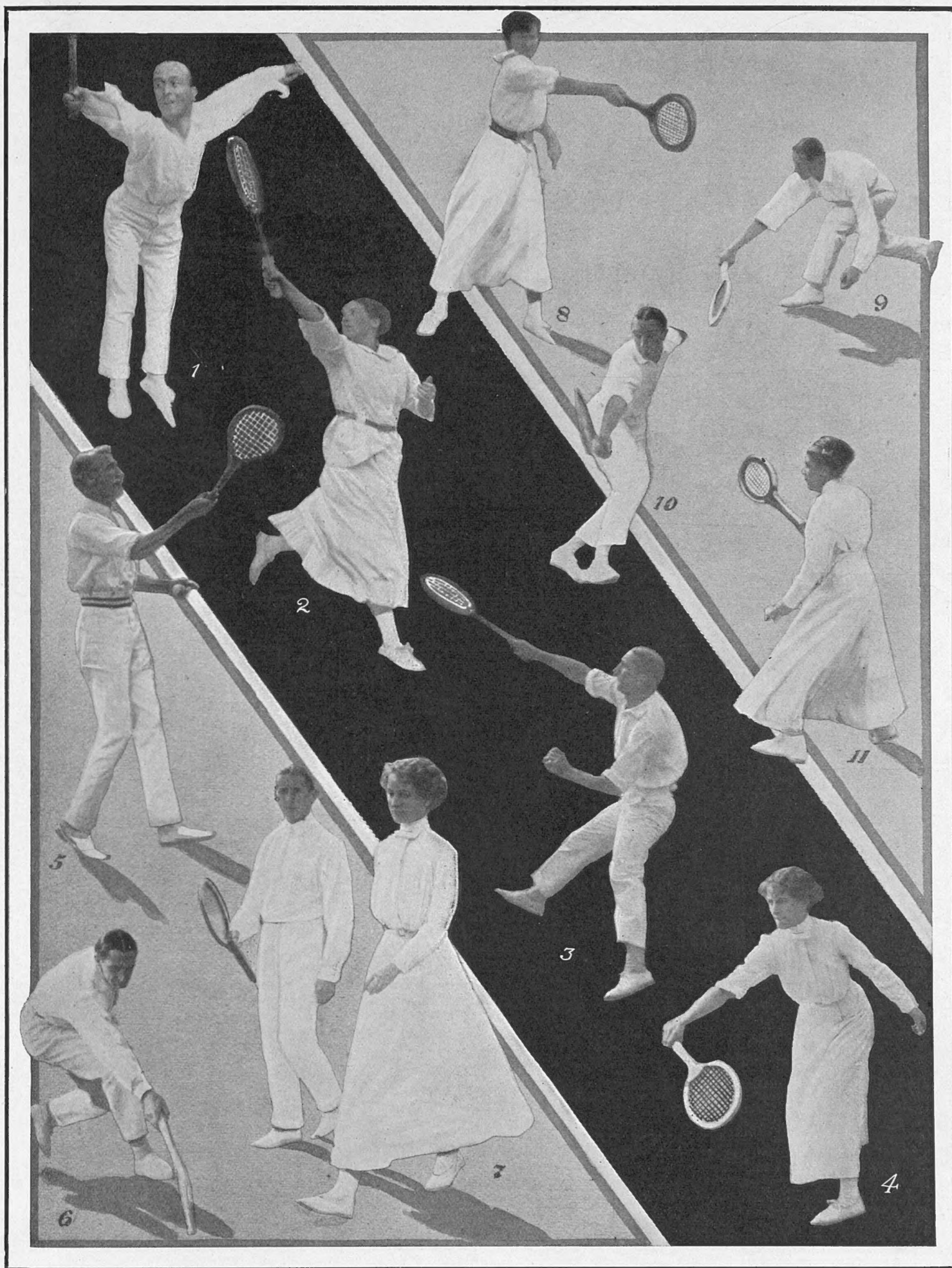
(2) The wife shall decide when the annual holiday shall be taken, where it shall be spent, and what it shall cost. She shall have the privilege of inviting any number of friends to accompany her husband and herself at the husband's expense. The husband shall have no friends.

(3) The husband shall be prepared to accompany his wife to the theatre whenever called upon to do so. He shall not plead work, ill-health, or a previous appointment.

(4) The wife shall invite to the house such people as she chooses and when she chooses. The husband shall smile at these people, chat with them in a gay and intellectual manner, and make them laugh.

(5) All money earned by the husband to be banked in the name of the wife. The husband shall not spend more than two shillings a week on self-indulgence.

THE RACQUET ON THE RIVIERA: LAWN-TENNIS "NICETIES."



1. A COMPETITOR IN THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT NICE: MR. G. EVANS.
2. WINNER (WITH COUNT SALM) OF THE OPEN MIXED DOUBLES—SOUTH OF FRANCE CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS E. RYAN.
3. WINNER (WITH "H. WILLIAMS") OF THE GENTLEMEN'S OPEN DOUBLES—SOUTH OF FRANCE CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. F. W. RAHE.
4. LADY CHAMPION OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: FRÄULEIN VON KROHN.
5. A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH HOST: COLONEL HALL WALKER.
6. CHAMPION OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: M. MAX DÉCUGIS.

7. FAMOUS COMPETITORS IN THE TOURNAMENT AT NICE: "H. WILLIAMS" (MR. H. KLEINSCHROTH) AND FRÄULEIN VON KROHN.
8. PARTNER WITH HER HUSBAND IN THE OPEN MIXED DOUBLES: MME. DÉCUGIS.
9. WINNER (WITH MR. F. W. RAHE) OF THE GENTLEMEN'S OPEN DOUBLES: "H. WILLIAMS" (MR. H. KLEINSCHROTH).
10. WINNER (WITH "H. WILLIAMS") OF THE GENTLEMEN'S OPEN DOUBLES, AND RUNNER-UP IN THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. F. W. RAHE.
11. A COMPETITOR IN THE TOURNAMENT AT NICE: MRS. PERRETT.

In the International Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Nice the championship of the South of France (the Gentlemen's Singles) was won by the holder, M. Max Décugis, who beat Mr. F. W. Rahe in the final. In the final of the ladies' championship, Fräulein von Krohn beat Mrs. Colston. The Open Mixed Doubles were won by Count Salm and Miss E. Ryan, who defeated M. and Mme. Décugis. The victors in the Gentlemen's Open Doubles were Mr. F. W. Rahe and "H. Williams," who in the final beat "Robert" and Mr. E. Larsen. The name "H. Williams" covered the identity of Mr. H. Kleinschroth.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



TOM SULLIVAN—FOR (PRESUMABLY) LEARNING TO "CUSS" IN GERMAN, IN ORDER TO COACH BERLIN CREWS.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR WOOD.

FOR DISCOVERING A NEW PROFESSION FOR BRITISH OFFICERS (NAMELY, THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE), AND FOR RAGGING THE WAR OFFICE IN TOPICAL SONGS.



CAPTAIN HENRY GREEN, D.S.O.



MISS WISH WYNNE—FOR COMING STRAIGHT FROM THE HALLS TO MAKE A BIG HIT AS AN ACTRESS



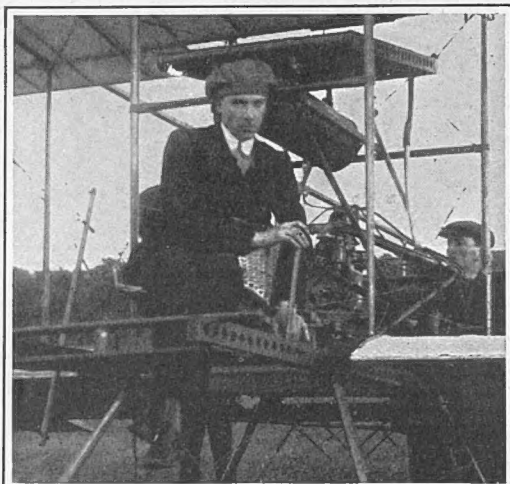
MRS. BULLOCK WORKMAN—FOR MAKING THE KING'S TITLE LOFTIER THAN EVER.



MR. G. LLOYD GEORGE—FOR BEING THE SON OF "A COMPARATIVELY POOR MAN" AND WINNING THE 100 YARDS AT SCHOOL.



MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST—FOR HER BLOOD-CURDLING TALE OF BEING FORCIBLY FED.



LIEUTENANT G. DE HAVILLAND—FOR COMING A CROPPER IN THE BEST AEROPLANE IN THE WORLD AND SPRAINING HIS ANKLE.



SHUKRI PASHA—FOR HAVING A BEARD AFTER ALL, AND FOR PUTTING UP A PLUCKY FIGHT AT ADRIANOPEL.



MR. C. V. HIGGINBOTTOM—FOR USING HIS AEROPLANE LIKE A NIBLICK TO GET HIMSELF OUT OF A BUNKER ON THE WINCHESTER GOLF COURSE.



MR. GILBERT TALBOT—FOR BEING NO LONGER AN INFANT, BUT NOT TOO OLD TO TACKLE MR. BALFOUR IN DEBATE.



BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD—FOR BEING AS RICH AS CRESUS HIMSELF AND CREATING ANOTHER "CRESUS."



LORD ROBERT CECIL—FOR SUGGESTING A NAPOLEONIC PENALTY FOR MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.



MR. E. SIMPSON—FOR DRIVING AS WELL AWAKE AS IN HIS DREAMS AND DOING A SPOOKY HOLE IN ONE.

Tom Sullivan, the well-known rowing coach, arranged to go to Berlin this month to train German oarsmen who will compete in the next Olympic Games, to be held at Berlin in 1916.—Captain Arthur Wood, son of Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and Captain Henry Green, two distinguished officers of the Scottish Rifles, have joined forces to go on the music-hall stage. They made their debut in the Hippodrome at Aldershot, and arranged to appear this week at the Coliseum. Captain Wood's songs include some skits on the War Office.—Miss Wish Wynne has stepped off the variety stage on to the legitimate stage and made a big hit as Janet Cannott in "The Great Adventure," at the Kingsway.—Mrs. Bullock Workman, the well-known Himalayan explorer, has named a group of peaks she discovered last year, "The King George V. Group."—Mr. G. Lloyd George, son of the Chancellor, won the 100-yards race at Eastbourne College sports.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst piled on the agony very thickly in describing her experiences in Holloway.—While on the new fast scout machine at Farnborough, described by Colonel Seely as the best in the world, Lieutenant de Havilland fell, but escaped with a sprained ankle.—Varying photographs of Shukri Pasha, the defender of Adrianople, were recently circulated. It was officially stated that the one with the beard was correct.—Mr. Higginbottom, of the Central Flying School at Upavon, on Salisbury Plain, came down in a fog on the Winchester Golf Links. In trying to rise again he struck a bunker.—Mr. Gilbert Talbot, son of the Bishop of Winchester, is to meet Mr. Balfour in a debate at the Farnham Corn Exchange on the 26th. Mr. Talbot is twenty-one.—Baron Henri de Rothschild has written a new play called "Cresus."—Lord Robert Cecil suggests deportation for a year or so to a distant island as a punishment for militant Suffragettes.—At the Rochford Hundred Golf Club, near Southend, Mr. Simpson did the fifth hole in one, fulfilling a dream he had had the night before.

Photographs by Record Press, Bassano, Elliott and Fry, McKenzie, Topical, G.P.U., Gillman, Manuel, Swaine, and Sport and General.

THE TENUOUS AND TIGHT SKIRT; THE NEW SASH;
AND OTHER NOTIONS IN DRESS



STRAIGHT FROM FRANCE: STRIKING EXAMPLES OF THE LATEST MODES.

We give here snapshots of some of the more remarkable fashions now particularly the vogue in Paris. We would call attention to the new disposition of the sash, seen in the last photograph and in the last photograph but one; and also to the tenuity of some of the French skirts, exemplified in the first and second photographs.

Photographs by Delius, Illustrations Bureau, Excelsior, and Mondial.

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LONG.

The Impenitent Prayer. Amy J. Baker. 6s.**A Girl of No Importance.** Olivia Ramsay. 6s.

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The Night Nurse. By the Author of "The Surgeon's Log." 6s.**Memoirs of Comte Roger De Damas, 1787-1806.** Jacques Rambaud. 15s. net.**Written on Our Foreheads.** Ethel Duff-Fyfe. 6s.**The French and the English.** Laurence Jerrold. 7s. 6d. net.

SMITH, ELDER.

The Mating of Lydia. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.

STANLEY PAUL.

The She-Wolf. Maxime Formont. 6s.**A Grey Life.** "Rita." 6s.**California.** Arthur T. Johnson. 20s. 6d. net.**Princess and Queen of England: Mary II.** Mary F. Sanders. 26s. net.**The Price of Friendship.** E. Everett-Green. 6s.**Called to Judgment.** Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. 6s.

MILLS AND BOON.

Wilsam. S. C. Nethersole. 6s.**Royal Spade Auction Bridge.** Archibald Dunn. 2s. 6d. net.

DEAN.

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1913. Edited by G. M. Hesilrige. 7s. 6d. net.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

The Pariah. F. Anstey. 7s. net.**Do Something! Be Something!** Herbert Kaufman. 2s.

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Hidden Lives. E. R. Punshon. 6s.**The Golden Girl.** A. and C. Askew. 6s.

METHUEN.

Prince Rupert the Buccaneer. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 7d. net.**I Crown Thee King.** Max Pemberton. 7d. net.**Angel.** B. M. Croker. 7d. net.**The Broom Squire.** S. Baring Gould. 7d. net.**Dr. Whitty.** G. A. Birmingham. 6s.**The Soldiers Whom Wellington Led.** Edward Fraser. 5s. net.

PEARSON.

England's Fatal Land Policy. Sir William Earnshaw Cooper, C.I.E. 2s. 6d. net.**Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas.** Lieutenant-General Sir R. Baden Powell, K.C.B. 2s.

MELROSE.

The Chain of Ob. St. Clair Harnett. 6s.

ALLEN.

Five Unpractical Plays. Kenneth Weeks. 5s. net.**A Little World.** Arnold Golsworthy. 6s.

THE BODLEY HEAD.

Outside the Ark. Adelaide Holt. 6s.

SEELEY, SERVICE.

The Practice and Science of Drawing. Harold Speed. 6s.

HEINEMANN.

A Survey of the Woman Problem. Rosa Mayreder. 5s. net.

LONGMANS.

Out of the Blue. R. Gorell Barnes. 6s.

JACK.

The Parent's Book. Rita Strauss. 3s. 6d. net.

HORACE COX.

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TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS: OFFICERS' PAY: THE END OF A FAMOUS PARIS RESTAURANT.

The Promoted
"Ranker."

Colonel Seely, by the new regulations as to the pay of officers, will make it possible for a man with no private means promoted from the ranks to exist in a regiment without going to the money-lenders or without his brother-officers paying his regimental subscriptions for him. The full cost of his outfit, and the £50 a year he will get more than subalterns appointed from Sandhurst, will just enable him to do this. The acceleration of promotion through the ranks is also a good step, for if a man who enlists with the idea of getting a commission is man enough to push his way to the realisation of his ambition, every year spent in the ranks after he has thoroughly learnt his work deprives the commissioned ranks of a subaltern, and the sooner such a man is amongst the ranks with whom he will associate for the rest of his life the better for him—and, no doubt, also the better for them.

The Sandhurst
Boys.

To the other class of young men entering the commissioned ranks of the Army—those who pass through Sandhurst—Colonel Seely has not been so kind. He evidently thinks that for the first six years of his commissioned service the youngster who has passed through Sandhurst is still in a state of tutelage, and he gives him no increase above the present rates of pay. After six years he gets an extra half-crown a day, his pay becoming nine shillings a day, which is £164 a year. Some men in some regiments will be able to exist on this without help from their families, but in every case for the first six years a young man will be obliged to look to his relatives for help. From £150 a year to £200 is the allowance which parents usually make to their sons if they enter a good infantry regiment, though I have known boys to manage on £100 a year, and some of them have kept out of debt on even a smaller sum. There are various obvious means of helping the younger officers without increasing their pay, such as not charging them for the hire of Government furniture—furniture which is too often worthless stuff—but Colonel Seely seems to have passed those opportunities by.

The Café Anglais.

Anglais, the most interesting of the existing Paris restaurants, is to close its doors on the 15th of next month, and is to be converted into a bank. It dates as far back as the year 1802, when it was a little wine-shop owned by M. Chevreuil, with its door leading into the Rue Marivaux. Messieurs Chellet and de l'Homme were its two proprietors who raised it to its proud position of the first restaurant in Paris; and when it came into the market in '79, a syndicate of bankers and other business men bought its lease for the present incumbent, M. Burdel, in order that they might not lose the restaurant at which they were accustomed to

breakfast and dine. Two or three years ago, owing to some matter of family business, the house and its site were again for sale, and, I believe, were bought by a Belgian syndicate. M. Burdel's lease is now about to expire, and he has sold the greater portion of the almost priceless brandy that is in the cellars to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who, I read, has paid £12 a bottle for it.

The Cellars of
the Café Anglais.

The cellars of the restaurant were a sight well worth seeing. They were lighted by lamps concealed in bunches of transparent grapes, and at the end of the longest vista stood an orange-tree, the fruit of which glowed with light. There are, or there were, many curiosities both of wines and spirits in these cellars, for some bottles of all the great vintage years of claret since the date of the foundation of the house had been kept, and there were some bottles of brandies which had been in the cellar of the house before Waterloo was fought. M. Burdel allowed any one of his clientèle who asked him to see these cellars, but it was curious that quite a number of Parisians who dined and break-

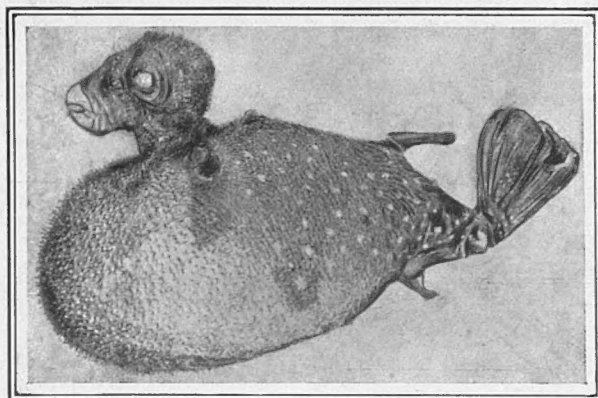
fasted at the Café Anglais had never troubled to walk through them.

The Grand Seize.

The "Grand Seize," on the first floor of the Café Anglais, was a private dining-room in which most of the celebrities of the world had dined. It was at one time the invariable custom of the owner of the winning horse in the Grand Prix to give a dinner in the Grand Seize to celebrate his victory, and the room on those occasions was always decorated with his colours. There is a book at the Café Anglais which records many of the menus of the dinners given by celebrities, amongst them being King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, the Duc de Morny, and Count d'Orsay. Le Roi Milan was another constant dinner-giver at the Anglais, and so was the unfortunate Prince whom all Paris called "Citron."

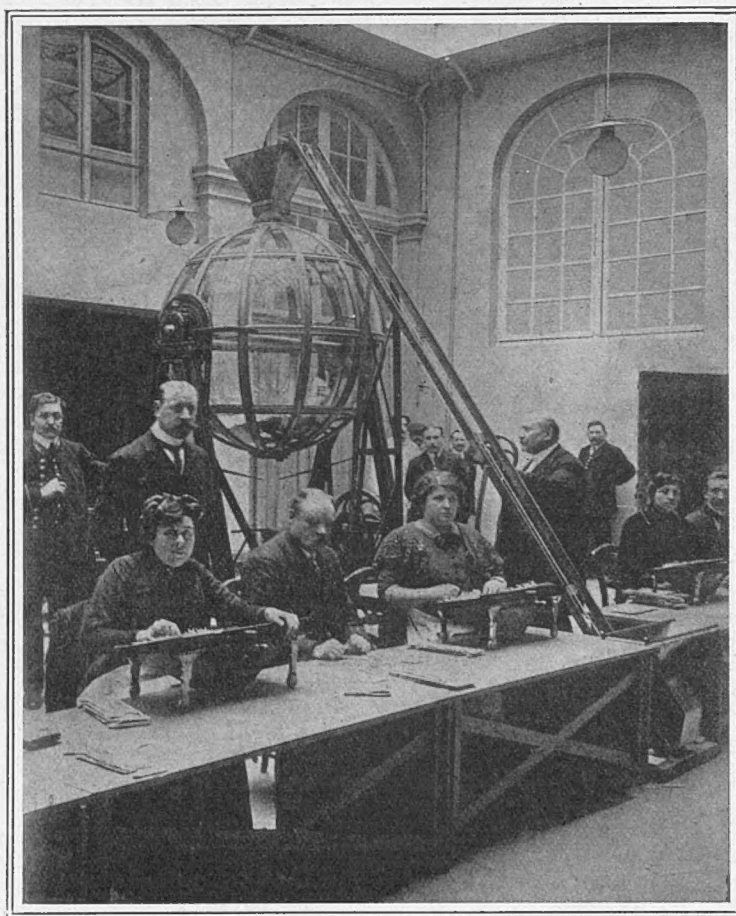
Curiosities of the
Anglais.

If the curiosities of the Anglais are to be put up for auction (as I hear they are) there will be some spirited bidding for the contents of a little cabinet which stands in the passage of the *entresol*. This contains some glass and some silver, each piece of which has a history, and every piece of which has belonged either to a crowned head or to a celebrity. M. Burdel was a pupil of the great Dugleré, a chef who made history at the Anglais, and whose cookery has continued to be the cookery of the Anglais. There has always been a rivalry between the Anglais and the Maison d'Or, which was just over the way, across the boulevard, and in which the "Grand 6" was as popular a dining-room as the "Grand 16" at the Anglais. Salamanca, a Spanish banker, was to the Maison d'Or what the Comte de Grammont Caderousse was to the Anglais—a leader of all the mad pranks.



BY THE GREATEST OF CARICATURISTS—DAME NATURE:
A STRANGE FISH FROM THE DEEP SEA.

Some of the strangest of Nature's grotesques are to be found among the fishes, as witness this photograph of a marine creature, which rather suggests a parrakeet. It is a denizen of the ocean depths.

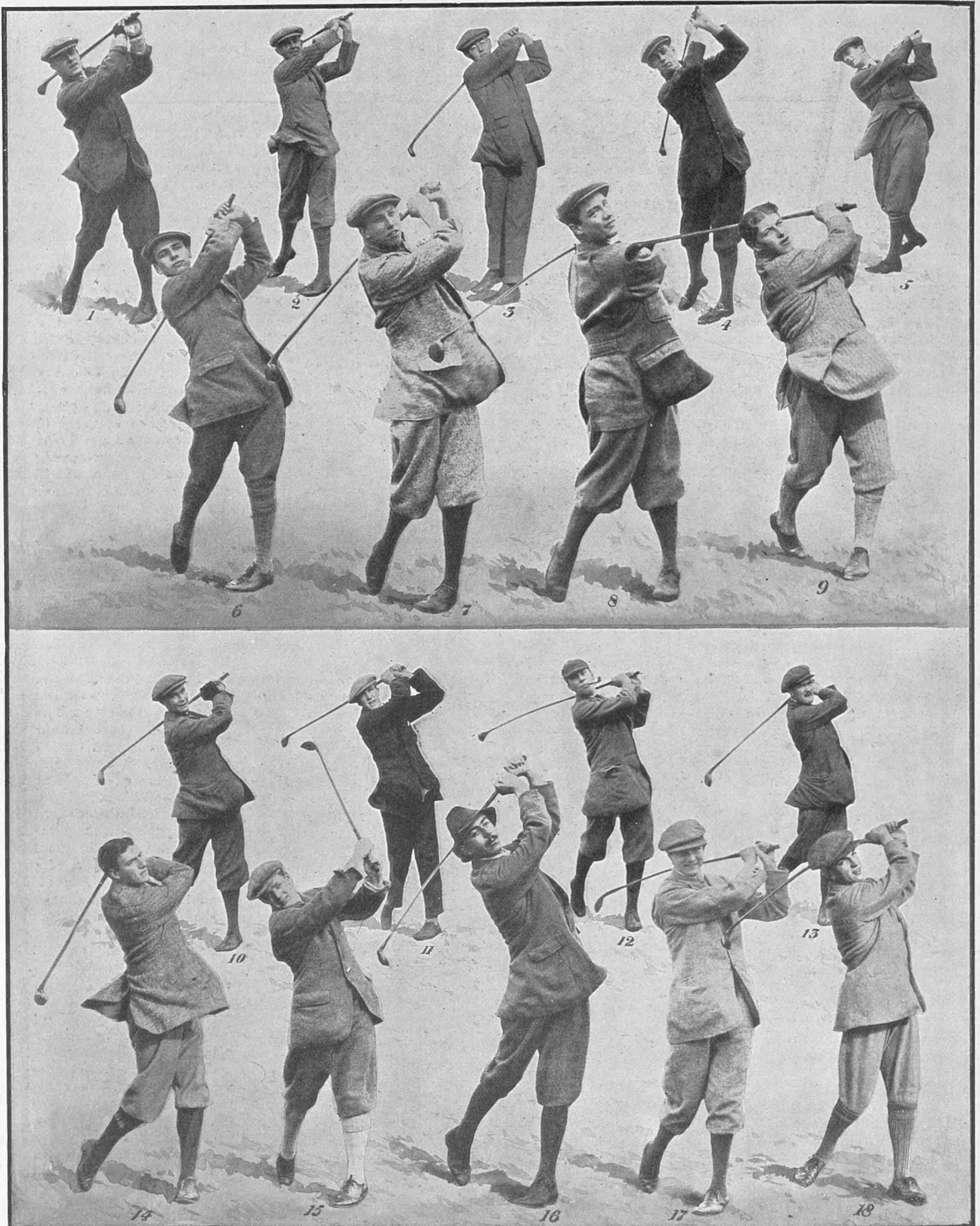


BETTER THAN TWO TOP HATS: A NEW FRENCH MACHINE
FOR DRAWING LOTS.

This apparatus, invented by M. J. B. Vico, of Paris, consists of a crystal sphere which turns on an axis, and contains the numbers, each enclosed in a copper case. The sphere is set in motion by a handle, and in order to make a number drop out, the operator presses an electric button some yards away. This eliminates all possibility of manipulation. In the old system the winning numbers are drawn out by hand.

Photograph by Delius.

OLD CHOICES AND NEW: OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE AT GOLF.



1. *Mr. B. P. NEVILLE (DOWNSIDE; AND TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE).
2. MR. R. B. VINCENT (HAILEYBURY; AND TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE).
3. MR. F. R. WALLS (LORETTO; AND KING'S, CAMBRIDGE).
4. MR. O. LYTTTELTON (ETON; AND TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE).
5. MR. R. G. C. YERBURGH (HARROW; AND MAGDALENE, CAMBRIDGE).
6. MR. C. GARDINER-HILL (ALDENHAM; AND PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE—CAPTAIN).
7. MR. R. P. HUMPHRIES (CHARTERHOUSE; AND TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE).
8. MR. R. S. RICHARDSON (RUGBY; AND PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE).
9. *MR. M. WOOSNAM (WINCHESTER; AND TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE).

10. MR. G. B. CROLE (EDINBURGH ACADEMY; AND UNIVERSITY, OXFORD).
11. MR. W. F. C. MCCLUER (FETTES; AND TRINITY, OXFORD).
12. MR. J. R. PLATT (ETON; AND MAGDALEN, OXFORD).
13. MR. R. LE FEUVRE (VICTORIA COLLEGE, JERSEY; AND EXETER, OXFORD).
14. *MR. G. D. FORRESTER (RUGBY; AND UNIVERSITY, OXFORD—CAPTAIN).
15. MR. R. V. BARDSLEY (SHREWSBURY; AND MERTON, OXFORD).
16. MR. R. H. JOBSON (ETON; AND UNIVERSITY, OXFORD).
17. *MR. M. TENNANT (ETON; AND NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD).
18. *MR. L. L. S. DODSWORTH (RUGBY; AND NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD).

It is arranged that the thirty-fifth annual inter-University golf match shall take place on the Royal Liverpool Club's Links, at Hoylake, to-morrow (April 3). The ninth man of the Oxford team is Mr. R. Le Feuvre. The Cambridge eight will be selected from the nine players whose portraits are given here. "Old choices" are marked with an asterisk.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

A GREAT ACTOR'S FAREWELL TO LONDON: "HAMLET."



1. MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS OPHELIA.

2. MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET.

3. CATCHING THE CONSCIENCE OF THE KING: THE "MOUSE-TRAP" SCENE OF "HAMLET." AS REPRESENTED BY MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

As all the theatre-going world knows, Mr. Forbes-Robertson is giving, at Drury Lane, a series of performances which marks positively his farewell to London. That he is drawing crowded houses is only right, and was to be expected. His Hamlet, practically everyone agrees, is the greatest Hamlet of his time, and alone would ensure his reputation. As Mr. Bernard Shaw put it the other day, writing to the O.P. Club on the occasion of their dinner to Mr. Forbes-Robertson: "The retirement of such an actor is better celebrated by a fast than by a feast."—[Photograph No. 2 by Lizzie Caswall Smith.]



"SO-HO DELPHINE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY, AND BIMBOULA THE MYSTERIOUS.

"So-ho Delphine." It might very well be called "So-ho Delphine," considering the locality in which the newest musical comedy has found a comfortable home for a long lease of life. Delphine was a charming creature, capable of making any man unhappy. When we meet her she is in her second matrimonial venture. First there was Victor Jolibeau—there's an awkward name to support: Victor "Pretty handsome." Him she married because her best friend, Simone, loved him. Thereupon Simone wedded Alphonse Bouchotte; and at once sweet little Delph wanted Alf—or I should say, "Alph," and she got him, and a divorce first—for this is a strictly moral play. So Simone, who seemed to like second-hand hearts, espoused Victor. What a jolly quartet! What thrilling scraps of talk they might have had when playing "royal," or even vulgar auction together. But why, you may ask, why the title, "Oh! oh! Delphine!"—and the answer brings in the parrot. The theory was that the parrot called out "Oh! oh! Delphine!" whenever the merry lady was allowing any admirer to be too pressing. Perhaps in the play on which the musical comedy is founded the parrot worked out effectively; but the piece has done more than merely cross the Channel, it has voyaged over the Atlantic and come back again. Now, the observer—I do not mean the Sunday paper in which Mr. Garvin directs the policy of the Opposition—knows that plays are like some of the best Italian wines: they are bad sailors, and have to be treated this way and that to save them from sufferings due to Channel-Passagitis. Consequently when they reach London the original authors would hardly know them. Generally the plays—unlike the wines—have to be toned down, not fortified. As matters stand, the parrot amounts to little, and I was rather sorry to see the poor bird dragged about in its cage, though I hate parrots.

The Vingt-Huit Jours. After all, the basis of the piece is the "twenty-eight days," which has been a boon of enormous value to French writers of farce. Indeed, if the system under which every Frenchman of military age is summoned from time to time to join his regiment

accepted, and becoming once more subject to the military discipline which he loathed when a young man. Of course, Victor Jolibeau and Bouchotte, at the time when the play passes, have been forced to return to their regiment for their twenty-eight days' service, and of course Delphine and Simone follow, and of course the Colonel is a wicked, amorous old man—don't apologise for the "of courses,"



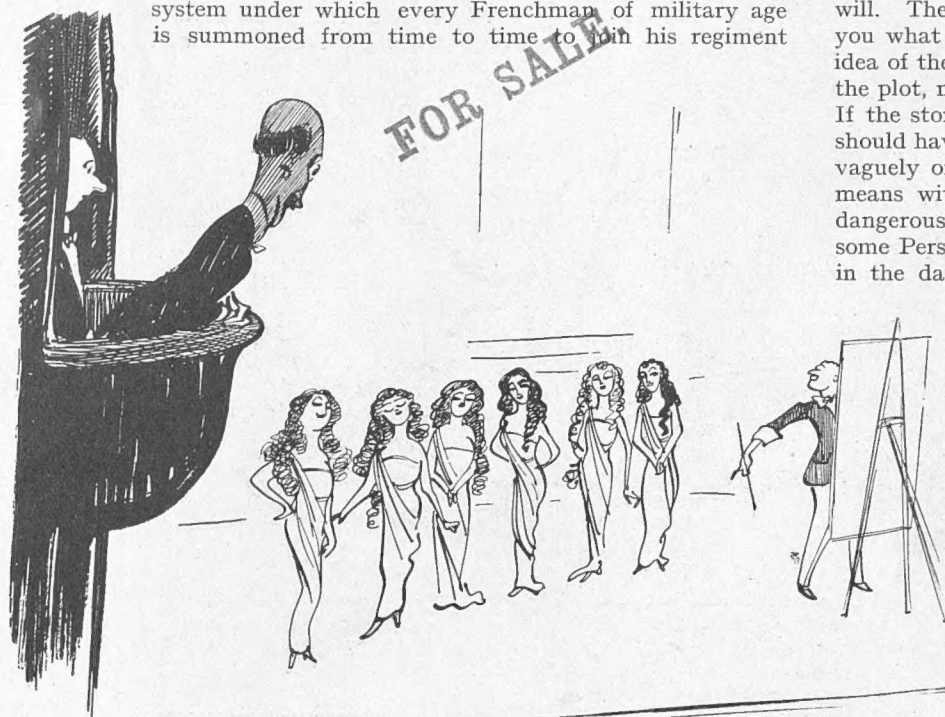
COLONEL POMPONNET IS INTRODUCED; MISS DOROTHY JARDON AS BIMBOULA, MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS COLONEL POMPONNET, AND MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS ALPHONSE BOUCHOTTE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

for of course you have to use them in dealing with the plot of a musical comedy. And there are complications on complications, for Victor Jolibeau was a painter by profession—and judging by the work exhibited to us, one of the worst painters that ever made money—and in order to complete a picture he was travelling with six models!

Bimboula the Mysterious.

Even at the risk of being discharged without a character, I refuse to give an account of what happened as the result of these premises: by-the-bye, I have forgotten a comic uncle, a comic lawyer, and a will. The truth is that I could decipher the Rosetta Stone, or tell you what will win the Derby, as easily as I could give you a clear idea of the plot. And, of course, it does not matter a bit—I refer to the plot, not to my incompetence. For no one cares about the plot. If the story of "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" really were of importance, I should have to drag in Bimboula, a most important person, described vaguely on the programme as "a Persian woman": it was by no means with me a case of "Persicos odi," for she was the most dangerous of the ladies. But can you expect me to explain a handsome Persian woman discovered in France—inland, I fancy—wearing in the daytime, out of doors, a dress that would have attracted attention at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, and ignorant, in the first act, of the French language, except one word; yet in the next—a few days later—quite a mistress of the tongue? No, I certainly give up Bimboula, with considerable regret, mitigated slightly by the fact that she never happened to be mine. And "of course" the Colonel fell in love with her, and so did Victor, and so, too, I fancy, Bouchotte. Let me confess that sometimes during a musical comedy I do sigh for something less chaotic. But I was in the minority—a big minority: rather a puzzle to me that a minority is always big in direct proportion to its smallness. The house was delighted, and rocked and roared with laughter. Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, that sort of Hyde and Jekyll dramatist, sometimes desperately in earnest, and at others, desperately frivolous, seems to have hit the mark with his version of "Villa Primrose," and the unambitious music of Mr. Ivan Caryll pleased the audience greatly. On the night when I was there Miss Iris Hoey was not playing, and the part of Delphine was taken by Miss Winifred Delevanti, who acted and danced with much vivacity. Miss Nan Stuart's singing as Simone won encores for her. Miss Dorothy Jardon as Bimboula the mysterious was the most successful of the ladies: she really showed a sense of character, and her singing was excellent. Messrs. Courtice Pounds and Walter Passmore worked heroically and skilfully; Mr. Welchman sang very well, and Mr. Fred Lewis was quite a quaint old Frenchman. And as for the pretty frocks, why not turn to some ladies' column where they are handled by an expert?—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

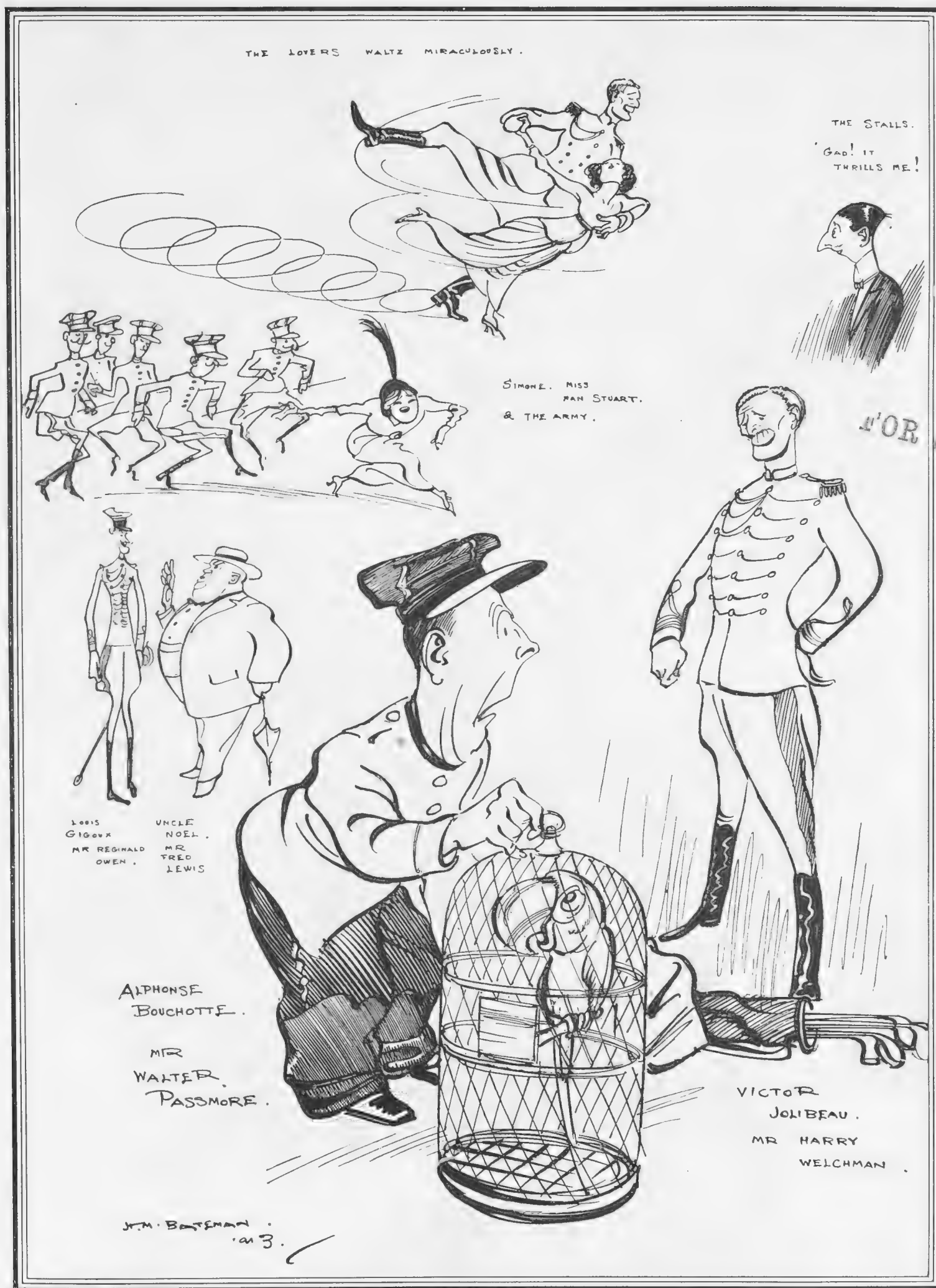


MONOCLE, ENTRANCED BY THE MODEL SCENE, WISHES TO GOODNESS THEY HAD MADE AN ARTIST OF HIM.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

were abolished, there might be riots by the playwrights, who would imitate the mob which, on the reformation of the Calendar, went about the country shouting, "Give us back our eleven days"—I think it was eleven. Fancy, what a basis for plots: the position of the well-to-do forty-year-old who has put on flesh and grown luxurious, required to do his military service, finding no excuse

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "OH! OH!! DELPHINE!!!"



MUSICAL COMEDY CARICATURED: BATEMAN ON THE SHAFTESBURY PRODUCTION.

"Oh! Oh!! Delphine!!!" founded on the French farce, "Villa Primrose," is running merrily at the Shaftesbury, where it was presented for the first time recently.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

THE Duke of Connaught, at once the most genial and most reticent of Princes, especially desired that his homecoming should be unattended by public welcome. He wanted his friends to be at Euston, without the flags. As it happens, his wishes

fitted the occasion only too well. The health of the Duchess of Connaught is still uncertain enough to make travelling an anxiety. Besides that, the Court had meantime gone into mourning for the King of Greece; and a friend and fellow-Field-Marshal was lying dead here at the moment of the Duke's arrival. Before he arrived it had been arranged by wireless that he should attend Lord Wolseley's funeral as the representative of King George. Although a rigorous observer of the formalities of the Service, his Royal

Egypt. In the interval, the Duke had entered with much spirit upon an engagement of his own at home, and in 1879 he married Princess Louise of Prussia. It does not require Mr. Sargent's insight to discover that their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess are well matched, but it happens that it was left to that artist to pair them upon canvas only a few years ago. Never since Sir Joshua's day has matrimony contributed so largely to the making of delightful portraiture. Mr. Sargent, it is interesting to note, has painted no other member of the royal family. In the Duchess of Connaught he found a collector of furniture and bric-à-brac whose knowledge of many branches of her hobby easily exceeded his own. Bagshot Park has a dull exterior, and a dull



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Photograph by Downey.

Highness is by no means exacting as between himself and the man on the platform, or the man on the prairie, or the man, for the matter of that, at any journey's end. Wherever he goes, be it in the desert or among Canadian wheat, he makes friends with the native. His reputation for friendliness prepares the way so well that even when he has been obliged to fail in an engagement at some distant station, and a member of his suite has taken his place, the familiar legend flourishes just the same; the oldest inhabitant lives happy ever after on the strength of some cordial jest, said to have been dropped from the royal lips, and a child with a flurried memory of an undelivered bouquet is educated up to the notion that it was paid for with a kiss from the blooming lips of a resplendent Duchess.

The Unstrategic Medal.

The tradition of the Duke's kindness has the very best authority; he is by nature kindly. His sternness is kept for occasions of full-dress and the atmosphere that needs to be braced, if it is to exist at all, by the rigid disciplinarian. I have seen the Duke summon a young officer to his side with every appearance of storm brewing on a brow admirably adapted to the uses of a military commander. And when the officer, feeling much like a man under fire for the first time, reached the Duke and asked for orders, all that H.R.H. did was to point, without a word, at a medal displaced upon the junior's tunic.

His Engagements.

Getting on for half a century ago, the Duke, then an unusually handsome young man of twenty, had his first taste of fighting. The Canadian Fenians were then out in earnest—almost as much in earnest as the enemy he encountered, thirteen years later in



THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

boundary-line upon a dull landscape, but within it offers many evidences of a fine taste lavishly indulged in many parts of the world. Many of her most delightful odds and ends were picked in the country where Princess Patricia picked up her name.

"Princess Pat." The Duke is famous in his children. Princess Patricia has done no easy thing in winning the hearts of her contemporaries among the girls of England. Their brothers' hearts, by all accounts, have been strewn in profusion in her paths, and no wonder; but that she should gain the close confidence and affection of a generation of damsels free as the wind from snobbery, and a little shy of a Princess because to be her friend is to be suspected of seeking a certain Court *réclame*, is vastly to her credit. There are few girls whose return, after being so long removed from London, would give such genuine pleasure. During her absence there has been much feminine correspondence between Ottawa and England, and a little bevy of sisters by adoption have anxiously awaited the return of one who, with a different temperament, might have found her lot peculiarly lonely.

Prince Arthur.

As for Prince Arthur, his triumphs are world-wide; he has passed from being the Special Messenger—the more wonderful Jaggers—of the royal family to a stage at which he is thought of whenever vast and mature employment is in question. A sort of understudy to the King, he is mentioned as the possible successor of Lord Hardinge, of Lord Kitchener in Egypt, and of his father in Canada. There is no post too big for him, no post which the Duke of Connaught could accept or resign that has not been offered by some enterprising journalist to the brilliant young officer stationed in York.



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught, uncle of the King, was born on May 1, 1850, and, it need not be pointed out, has had a most distinguished—and deservedly distinguished—career. Amongst other appointments, he has held those of Commander-in-Chief in the Bombay Presidency, Commander of the Southern District, Commander at Aldershot, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, Inspector-General of the Forces and Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Forces, and Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada. In 1879, he married Princess Louise (born 1860), third daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. They have one son, Prince Arthur of Connaught, born on Jan. 13, 1883; and two daughters—Princess Margaret, the Crown Princess of Sweden, who was born on Jan. 15, 1882; and Princess Patricia, who was born on March 17, 1886.—*[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]*

SPORTING SOCIETY: SNAPSHOTS AT THE RUGBY RACES.



1. LORD ANNALY, WITH HIS ELDER DAUGHTER, THE HON. MRS. JOHN LOWTHER, AND HIS SON-IN-LAW, MR. JOHN LOWTHER.

3. MISS HARDY, LADY CAMPBELL, AND THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

2. SON-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER OF LORD ANNALY: MR. JOHN LOWTHER AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN LOWTHER.

4. THE HON. AUBREY HASTINGS, BROTHER OF THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON, AND THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS.

Luke White, third Baron Annaly, was born on Feb. 25, 1857, and succeeded in 1888. Formerly he was in the Scots Guards, and he saw active service in the Egyptian Campaign in 1882. He was a Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales for two years, and is now a Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King. In 1884, he married the Hon. Lilah Agar-Ellis, daughter of the third Viscount Clifden. The wedding of their daughter, the Hon. Lilah White, and Mr. John George Lowther, of the 11th Hussars, brother of Sir Charles Lowther, Bt., took place in 1911, and there is a child of the marriage, George Hugh, born in 1912.—Before her marriage, in 1892, the Countess of Huntingdon was known as Miss Maud Wilson. She is the daughter of the late Sir Samuel Wilson.—The Hon. Aubrey Hastings is the younger of the two brothers of the Earl of Huntingdon. In 1907, he married Winifred, daughter of T. Forsyth-Forrest, formerly of The Querns, Cirencester.—[Photographs by Topical.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



ENGAGED TO MR. SHOLTO JOHNSTONE · DOUGLAS · MISS BETTINA GRISEWOOD.

Miss Grisewood is the second daughter of the late Mr. Harman Grisewood and of Mrs. Grisewood, of The Den, Bognor, and Villa Marguerite, Grasse. Mr. Johnstone-Douglas is the eldest son of Mr. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas, of Lockerbie.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE Prince of Wales drove his own car through Heidelberg and the narrow streets of several other steep and unfamiliar towns. But his conscience remains as clear as his license—if he has one. He has not killed a single German chicken, nor, for the matter of that, a chicken of any nationality. In England his record is equally clean, and is likely to remain so. His view of a motor is that it should respond to every requirement of its driver, even to the point of slowing down. A friend says of him that he would pull up rather than hurt a bewildered rabbit on the road; and there should, after all, be a difference between an express train that takes care of nothing but its speed—registers, and a car that can be made to obey every inflection of its owner's will.

Amazons on the Warpath.

In England we take our disappointments gladly; and the mourning which prevents the King from fulfilling all his Turf engagements is not, from his Majesty's point of view, to be greatly deplored on that account. On the other hand, Rome, which does not take its pleasures sadly, does not rejoice over the second postponement of the Rennell Rodd ball. All Rome was talking and rehearsing in preparation for the event when the King of the Hellenes was murdered. The postponement is a short one, but it affects a number of people who had hoped to leave the city immediately after the first date; the splendid group of Amazons, for instance, is brooking the delay somewhat tempestuously. Lady Rennell Rodd's Juno, however, will be resplendent, even in June; and the handsomest man in Rome, who happens to be a Scotchman, is unmoved. His Spanish costume has waited for this occasion since the sixteenth century, and can wait a little longer, says he.

Makers of History.

Athens has once more been sought by Kings and Ambassadors of Kings for the sake of its departed. Its memorials of the dead remind one that almost the last meeting between Edward VII. and the Kaiser took place among Greek excavations. The scene is remembered as typical of the two. The Kaiser, bubbling over with the desire for information, would turn from the attendant Professor to repeat his explanations to the equerries; the English King, on the other hand, seemed to cut short the man of learning. "B.C.; five hundred B.C.!" he snapped at almost every turn, as if clinching the argument,

for fear he should have more of it. That Professor had solved many problems in ancient dynasties, but he is puzzled to this day as to Edward VII.'s place among historians.

Lady Beatrice at the Abbey. A wedding that will go far to fill Westminster Abbey on

April 12 is that of Lady Beatrice Cecil and Mr. W. Ormsby-Gore. The whole chapter of uncles are to be present, with the Rev. Lord William for a sort of impromptu dean of an alien diocese; indeed, it is predicted that at a quarter to two o'clock on that day the Abbey will be turned into another Salisbury Cathedral. Lady Beatrice, who is named, with a slight difference (Beatrice for Beatrix) after Lady Selborne, is extraordinarily popular; and so her presents testify. Even in a week much engaged with political storms, Lord Robert Cecil found time to make his choice.



TO MARRY MR. GERALD ARTHUR STEEL TO-MORROW (APRIL 3): MISS ELLEN PRICE-EDWARDS. Miss Price-Edwards is the daughter of the late Mr. Edward Price-Edwards, of Sutton, formerly Secretary of Trinity House.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MISS ELLEN PRICE-EDWARDS TO-MORROW (APRIL 3): MR. GERALD ARTHUR STEEL. Mr. Steel, of the Admiralty, is the son of Mr. Charles G. Steel, of Rugby. The wedding is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Hon. Anna and Lord Clarina. Among the young brides of April is the Hon. Anna Leonora

Massey, who marries Mr. Archibald Douglas Campbell. Despite her youth, she contrives to have a father of many years, for in April Lord Clarina celebrates his seventy-sixth birthday. The wedding will be extremely quiet, owing to family mourning. Last year, while passing through the streets of Limerick, the horses attached to the carriage in which Lady Clarina was driving took fright and bolted; Lady Clarina jumped from the vehicle, and received injuries which subsequently resulted in her death. Lord Clarina, like most of the Masseys, has been through the Army, if not, as it so happens, through the wars.



TO MARRY MR. LEONARD CRIPPS ON APRIL 5: MISS MIRIAM BARBARA JOYCE. Miss Joyce is the daughter of Mr. Justice and Lady Joyce.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. MAY HAMILTON: LORD HEMPHILL.

Lord Hemphill, who is the second Baron, was born in March 1853. He was called to the English Bar in 1877, and to the Irish in 1878. In 1906 he took silk. For some time he was Crown Prosecutor for County Wicklow.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]

Max in Italy. That Mr. Max Beer-

bohm "returns from Italy with a portfolio of new caricatures" does not mean that he carries the Italian Cabinet, or even Gabriele d'Annunzio, under his arm. The portfolio, when its contents are spread out on the walls of the Leicester Gallery, will display English countenances. "Max" has a way of pondering his themes, and giving them birth at any odd time or place. In some cases, he pleads, his inspiration is governed by locality, as when, under the shadow of the Pisan tower, he puzzled out the features of a well-known British novelist, "because of his leaning towards Rome." But the cartoonist himself would be at a loss to explain why he missed a sunset at Subiaco to finish a picture of Mr. Bonar Law.



ENGAGED TO LORD HEMPHILL: THE HON. MAY HAMILTON.

Miss May Hamilton is the second daughter of the 9th Baron Belhaven and Stenton, and was born in 1879.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN H. A. LEWIS-HALL: MISS RITA FORT.

Miss Fort is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fort, of 18, De Vere Gardens.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING AS A JAPANESE: "THE TYPHOON."



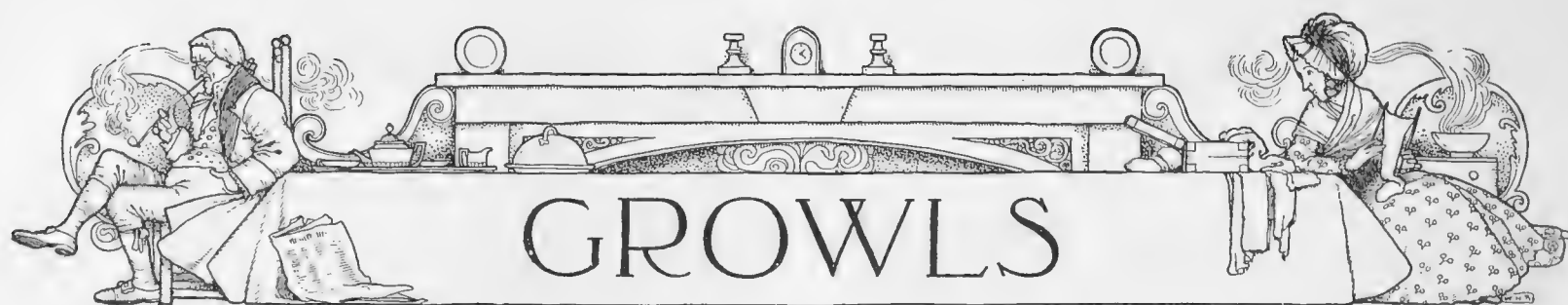
1. TAKERAMO AS SEEN IN STOCKHOLM: MR. IVAN HEDQVIST IN THE PART.

2. TAKERAMO AS SEEN IN PARIS: M. DE MAX IN THE PART.

3. TAKERAMO AS SEEN IN BERLIN: MR. CARL CLEWING IN THE PART.

4. THE LONDON TAKERAMO: MR. LAURENCE IRVING AS THE JAPANESE WHO IS CAUGHT IN THE TYPHOON OF PASSION.

It is arranged that "The Typhoon" shall be produced at the Haymarket for the first time to-night (April 2), with Mr. Laurence Irving as Takeramo and Miss Mabel Hackney as Hélène. Takeramo was played in Paris by M. de Max; in Berlin by Mr. Carl Clewing; and in Stockholm by Mr. Ivan Hedqvist. The play is from the Hungarian of Mr. Melchior Lengyel, author of the original of "The Happy Island," at His Majesty's. Takeramo is a young Japanese who, pretending to be a student, is carrying out an important political mission in Paris. He becomes entangled with a demi-mondaine, and the typhoon of the title is the typhoon of passion in which he is caught up. Eleven of the characters are Japanese students; and three of these are being played at the Haymarket by Japanese actors.



THE PUERILITY OF PARTY—WHERE THE SYSTEM BREAKS DOWN.

TRY as I will, I cannot escape from the conviction that there is something rotten in the state of England, and the more I endeavour to persuade myself that all is well, the more deep becomes the impression that my native land is in a parlous state. I may at once confess that I am, and probably always shall be, a Party man, but I am in no degree an enthusiastic supporter of the Party system. Indeed, I could adduce at least forty arguments against it to every one which I could bring forward in its favour. But so long as we have a Party system so long shall I remain a Party man; and, on the principle that what is worth doing is worth doing well, I consider that its continued existence makes it incumbent on us to go the whole hog in the matter, and to uphold it, if need be, with our life's blood. The question whether it be necessary, or even desirable, does not, in my opinion, arise. There the thing is, and so long as it is there we have, I insist, no possible or conceivable right to play fast-and-loose with it. It is absurd, on the face of it, to permit an institution of this character to continue in our midst, and at the same time to spend a considerable portion of our lives in acting as if it were non-existent. And yet this is precisely the attitude adopted by the politician of the modern type. At one moment I perceive one of my revered leaders thundering forth denunciations at the head of a political opponent, and at the next I read that he has departed for the Mediterranean with the very person whom he has branded as an adventurer, a perverter of the truth, and a menace to the State.

The Extent of the Evil.

I cannot describe my feelings of grim delight when I hear one of those whose lead I follow committing a verbal onslaught upon an opponent. With a joy that is almost ghoulish, I observe his pitiless tongue coiling round the foe. His hand is clenched and his eye rolls luridly as he makes his telling, if wholly unjustifiable, points, and I revel in the discomfiture of him who is being so relentlessly exposed. But my triumph hour is of but short duration. Almost before the word "knife" can be articulately enunciated I find these two, the attacker and the attacked, the flayer and the flayed, are off to some suburban resort for the purpose of playing golf together. Then am I plunged in unfathomable despair as I realise the hollowness of things, and I cry aloud in the anguish of my disillusionment. He who was but a moment ago a hero to be venerated becomes in my eyes a being unworthy of the confidence of myself and the less thinking members of our Party—a creature who has betrayed the sacred trust

reposed in him. If, say I, he believe in one particle of the bountiful abuse which he has hurled, he must know that the object of his scorn and derision is not a person to meet in friendly rivalry on a golf course, but should be regarded as an unclean thing unfitted to be touched with the furthestmost end of a niblick. If he really believes the man guilty of one tenth part of the charges he has levelled at him, then should his righteous impulses, backed by the possession of a bundle of sticks, prompt him to beat the transgressor, not at golf, but over the head. Thus might he add weight to the burning words which have fallen from his lips, and thus might he force a watching world to feel that one politician indeed had the courage of his advertised convictions.

The Alternative

It is all very fine to shed alligator tears over the apathy which admittedly envelops the nation, but what else is likely to result from such disregard of decency and decorum? What must be the sensations of the obscure and unsalaried patriot when he sees his champion inveighing against a rival and charging him with squandering the substance and undermining the prestige of an Empire, and five minutes after betting him a sovereign that he can insinuate a ball into a given number of little holes in the ground in a lesser number of strokes than can the squanderer and the underminer? No matter to which Party the said patriot belongs, he must perforce view the situation with scepticism and feel that the system under which he lives is based on unreality and bolstered up by hanky-panky. No one will deny our legislators the right to take gentle exercise, but surely they may keep themselves in health without herding with those whom they have publicly denounced as the scourges of society. There is no virtue so dear to the heart of the true Englishman as consistency. He does not look too closely into the question of right and wrong, but he does like to see a man sticking to his guns; and this spectacle of verbal trouncing closely followed by social hobnobbing saturates his being with doubting and dismay. However whole-hearted his devotion to Law and Order in the abstract, he would derive infinitely more solid satisfaction from the sight of political opponents waylaying each other after a debate and supplementing their diatribes in the House by an exhibition of fisticuffs in Palace Yard. If our Party system is to continue at all, it seems to me that it must be allowed to be carried to its logical conclusion, and that it will never be regarded with anything like general respect until we have much more of the duello, and considerably less of the foursome. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



IN THE VERY NEW STYLE: EMBROIDERED CHAIR "BACKS" SHOWN BY MEMBERS OF THE GRAFTON GROUP.

An exhibition of work—chiefly paintings in the very up-to-date Post-Impressionistic manner—was opened at the Alpine Club Gallery the other day. The exhibitors are members of the Society which calls itself the Grafton Group.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



SOMEWHAT IN THE OLD SAMPLER MANNER: A NEEDLEWORK CHAIR "BACK" BY ONE OF THE GRAFTON GROUP.

This particular chair "back" was designed by Mr. Roger Fry and carried out by Miss Winifred Gill.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !



68945 France

VII.—THE SLACKER - OFF.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



STATE CONTROL OF FEMININE FASHIONS: OHIO'S SARTORIAL CENSORSHIP.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

AM I really so shamefully behind time in answering you, *mesdames et chères amies*? Time and I, you see, never were on very good terms with one another—the fault is his entirely. Has he not age and a long beard?—two things I abhor! To make amend, dear ladies, this article will be for you only; but men may peep at it over your shoulder—I dare not think with profit for them, but I hope pleasure for all concerned (I meant, of course, quite irrespectively of my own efforts).

To whoever sent me that cutting on Ohio's Legislature, my thanks. It dropped out of one of my letters, and I do not know of which. It gave me a pleasurable little shiver to think I belonged not to that unhappy State! I had always thought the women of America were superlatively enviable beings. I believed them to be born free citizenesses, and what do I read? That a Bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature to prescribe the fashions to be worn by the women in that State! Incredible, but true—"it is in the paper."

"If the measure secures the approval of the Legislature, the designing and manufacture of women's clothing will be subjected in future to the censorship of a commission of three members, of whom, it is stipulated, one is to be an ordained minister of religion, one a parent with no fewer than three children, and the third a social settlement worker. These sartorial censors will be empowered to prohibit such styles and patterns of garments as they shall deem, after a hearing, to be detrimental to virtue and chastity. The discretionary powers of the censors will be strictly limited, as, according to the conditions of the Bill, 'pneumonia,' or open-work, blouses will be in future considered illegal. The Bill fixes an exact limit for décolleté gowns, prescribing that not more than two inches of the neck below the chin shall be left uncovered. The Bill further prohibits the display of transparent stockings, and makes it a punishable offence for shopkeepers to exhibit in shop-windows undraped artificial figures." *Honni soit qui mal y voit!*

Would not this, readers dear, make your blood boil even in the most openwork of blouses? What! collars coming two inches below the chin! But everybody knows that a collar must be either high or low, but never stop half-way, or it would hide those two touching parallel lines around the neck of blonde women—that natural neckband called by sculptors "the collar of Venus." The Ohio Legislators would have us believe that the throats of their women are scraggy and unpleasant in the sight of men.

Equally disastrous is the choice of the Supreme Judges of the Wardrobe! A clergyman! What has a clergyman to do, I ask you, with profane frills? It seems to me that to admit even the littlest Knowledge of the Underwoman would be a dangerous thing for a clergyman; quite compromising, in fact! A cloak may cover a multitude of virtues

and be a sorry cloak for all that. To be dictated what to wear by the vicar means accepting wrinkles in hats from the vicar's wife. That would be more than Christianity; that would be fanaticism!

Can you see any *rapport* between the number of somebody's children and the capability of that somebody to judge what should be worn by adults? As for myself, I can imagine how that poor harassed Mother Hubbard—or shall it be Father Hubbard?—will be haunted by thick-soled boots, untearable stockings, brown holland where spots show less, Jaeger carapaces and nighties without ends! But what is good for babes can be very demoralising for grown-up women. Dress a woman, who has attained the age of reason and her full physical development, in rational and comfortable clothes, and she will feel most uncomfortable. Save her from a crushed-in thorax, twisted ankles, jammed-in toes and bronchitis, and she will lose that complex quality made of perversity, silliness, and rashness, otherwise her charming femininity. Prevent her from her ritual evening semi-nudity, and she will lose her self-respect. Stop clipping your poodle, and the absurd dear will die of bitter humiliation. As soon as he is no longer grotesque, he will feel himself ridiculous.

What is a "social settlement worker"? One of those careless persons, I suppose, who, neglecting their absolute and daily duties, such as answering invitations and *billets doux*, cultivating their roses, and making themselves as beautiful as possible, wantonly set themselves to render poor slum people ashamed of what cannot be remedied. Will the women of Ohio allow those perverse idlers to show them the undesirability of what no women ever will or can renounce?

Let the children believe toys have a soul, let the drinker glance at joy in the dregs of his glass, let the kitchen-maid imagine life as a long "serial" with love and wealth and titles, let the footballer think the game is worth his broken nose, let woman persuade herself she

is more beautiful with each new fashion. Is it, then, so very difficult just to let others work at their own patchwork happiness? God knows their needles are rusty enough and their thread knotty! Do let them! especially you people who understand not. If some must sit in judgment upon woman and her envelope, let the Council of Robes be—a sculptor, a painter, a poet, a lover. The first to dispose the fold so that it shall be a caress and a revelation; the second to dye the stuff in colours as joyous as Aurora, as triumphant as day, as resigned as nightfall; the third to

assure woman she is full of beauty, and add to her beauty with each ode; the last to animate and adore her. Then let pneumonia come and do its worst: it can only take away a happy woman who has not lived in vain. But, *mesdames*, between ourselves, there is only one man we ever did and ever shall obey—the *couturier*!



WEARING £20 IN FEATHERS; AND MUCH-PEARLIED: A LADY OF FASHION AT THE COSTERS' SPORTS.

The feathers shown cost £20. The annual Costers' Sports took place the other day at the National Athletic Grounds, Kensal Rise.



CALL US PEARLY, MOTHER DEAR. FOR WE'RE TO BE SIGHTS OF THE DAY, MOTHER; WE'RE TO BE SIGHTS OF THE DAY! MUCH-BUTTONED CHILDREN AT THE COSTERS' SPORTS.

Photographs by C.N.

TENDERLY CLINGING OR COLDLY ALOOF: COUPLES.

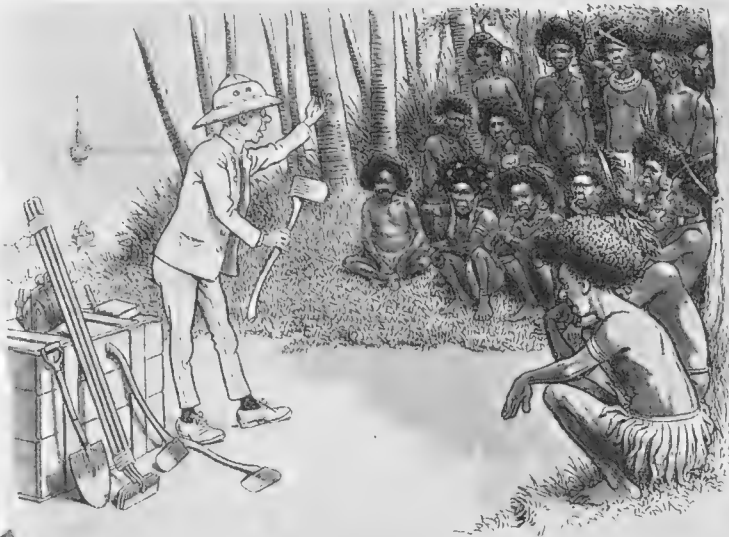


ARMS LINKED AND UNLINKED: FASHIONS IN WALKING—IN PAIRS AND IN PUBLIC.

A French journal has discovered that men and women no longer walk arm-in-arm in public. In other days, it said recently, the lady would place her hand within the arm of her cavalier, resting it lightly upon his sleeve; now such a couple walk coldly apart, the woman with both her hands in a muff, the man with both his hands behind his back or in his overcoat pockets. Yet a week or two ago much publicity was given to snapshots of the German Emperor's only daughter walking hand-in-hand with her fiancé! Certainly, there is a fashion in such matters, and one as variable as those presided over by the milliners and the dressmakers. Here are methods of four periods.

DRAWN BY PÉCOUD.

NOT AS AT HIS MAJESTY'S!



HE INDOCTRINATED TRUTH (IN LARGE CAPITALS) -
THEN HE ADVOCATED CLEARING THE LAND AND CULTIVATION, PRESENTED
SOME TOOLS & AID, IN DUE TIME, WENT ON HIS WAY -



LITTLE GEORGE WAS AN EARNEST CONVERT: NO SOONER HAD HIS MOTHER AND
VARIOUS STEP-DITTOS GONE UPSTAIRS TO PUT THE CHILDREN TO BED THAN HE
COMMENCED DOING A BIT OF 'CLEARING'.....



"NO, PAPA, I CANNOT TELL A LIE -
'T WAS I THAT CUT IT DOWN."

AT THE SIGN OF THE PIG AND WHISTLE!

FOR SALE.



THE CLERGYMAN: Giles, I admire the man who says the right thing at the right moment.

GILES: So do I—especially when I'm thirsty.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



MOLYNEUX IN FANCY DRESS. ❖ By DUNCAN SCHWANN.

"WE must go," cried Lady Diana Lester authoritatively. Her scapegrace brother Maurice had just arrived home from the club with details of a forthcoming fancy-dress ball that Society was organising to raise £5000 for a hospital, and £20,000 for the costumiers of the West End. "And of course Jack 'll take a box. Let's see, who shall we have in our party?" She turned to where I was resting a frame exhausted by an afternoon's bridge. "There 'll be you, Molly—" ("Molly," by the way, is short for Frederick Hewitt Molyneux.)

"No, not for a thousand pounds," I growled.

"Won't half-a-crown on account tempt you?" asked Maurice, proffering that coin of the realm.

I ignored the idiot.

"You've got to come," said Diana, pursuing her masterful way. "It 'll be such fun."

"Fun?" I echoed ironically. "You wait till you're forty, Di., and weigh fourteen solid stone, and then see if the prospect of fancy dress strikes you as particularly funny. Moreover, I don't intend to anticipate by a single hour the time when I shall be compelled to wear a wig."

"You needn't wear a wig, Mr. Molyneux," broke in Sybil Tufnell, aged sixteen, the precocious daughter of the reigning Home Secretary. "You might go as—as——"

Baffled, she looked round for inspiration.

"—As a billiard-marker in your shirt-sleeves," interpolated Maurice. For the brother of a peer of Great Britain and Ireland, his manners leave much to be desired.

"My death from cold wouldn't benefit you in the slightest," I made dignified reply. "There's not even a codicil in your favour. No, I'll hear all about this nonsense the morning after. Now I must be off."

Diana clapped her hands so suddenly that I sprang a yard.

"I've got it. Mr. Molyneux shall be a Gollywog."

"A what?" My scream of anguish went unheeded by the policeman on duty outside in Grosvenor Square.

"A lovely Gollywog. He shall wear a pair of red trousers, a bright-blue coat, and over his head a quilted covering of black flannel."

Diana might have added "a strait waistcoat" with some approach to the truth, for I should have been raving long before they'd drawn the quilted horror over my devoted head. But I let her babble on uncorrected. The girl whom one is going to marry—and I have been going to marry Lord Andover's sister for the last ten years—should be permitted a certain amount of license.

"Nathan 'll be sure to have one of those fuzzy wigs in stock. I'll go about it to-morrow, myself. Now what shall I be, Sybil dear?"

As a general rule, I'm all for Christian charity and toleration, especially towards women. A man who would insult a matron in a motor-bus because she had trodden on his corns is small credit to his sex. But when the woman of one's choice has the audacity to propose that one shall go to a public ball rigged out as a Gollywog it is time to strike, and strike hard.

"Wait a moment!" I commanded. "How dare you talk like that, Diana Lester! You, a close personal friend for more years than I care to remember! To include me in your party at all for this—this orgy was an unfriendly act; but to add the insult that I should actually masquerade as a—a—" I floundered helplessly, unable even to articulate the awful word.

"Gollywog!" shouted Diana, Sybil, and Maurice, with one voice.

"—A Gollywog, is downright wicked. I'm not certain I couldn't set the criminal law in motion—conspiracy, or constructive murder, or something. Why, if I wore a Venetian cloak, and sat in your box, it would be real sacrifice on my part. Clearly, you've not the least idea of the sensitiveness of a bachelor's nervous system. As for the other thing—ugh!"—and, despite the fire, I shuddered.

My appeal had such an effect on Diana that she gave an indulgent smile, more than ever convincing me of the strength of her affection for "yours truly."

"As you seem to mind so much, Freddy, you shall be let off with a Venetian cloak, then."

"Oh, but I wasn't serious about the cloak idea," I began excitedly. "I only instanced that to illustrate my point of view. I couldn't think of attending a rowdy function like a fancy-dress ball. Besides, I'm engaged every night for weeks ahead."

"Thank you for insinuating that I attend rowdy functions." Diana was the injured beauty of melodrama. "And I don't care if you're engaged months ahead. You've got to join us not later

than half-past eleven on the night in question, or I'll never speak to you again. Do you hear?"

I heard, and capitulated. A man in love is a sorry spectacle of enfeebled will-power and thwarted inclinations.

"After all," I reflected, as I wended my way back to the Albany and a spring mattress, "I was lucky to escape from 108, Grosvenor Square, even on those harsh terms. Diana might have stuck to her original notion, and ruined the rest of my life. I couldn't possibly have retained membership of the committee of the Marlborough Club, or, indeed, continued living in the South-Western postal district, after appearing at a ball in red trousers, blue coat, and a black nightcap."

"Lord Andover's box?" I inquired of an attendant, as I made my way out of the vestibule of the Albert Hall.

I had dined alone, since a man who is the prey of the gloomiest forebodings is no fit companion for his fellow-members. The menu had been selected so as not to over-tax my digestive powers, while it restored my failing vitality for the ordeal ahead. A post-prandial attempt at auction-bridge had proved a failure, since my opening declaration of "three Gollywogs" had shown that my thoughts were elsewhere than on the green baize. So I had retired to the smoking-room, and the illustrated weeklies, until my promise to Diana—a promise recalled that morning by a peremptory note—necessitated my departure for the scene of action.

"Hullo, Molly!" said a voice, as I made my way along the corridor in the direction indicated. I looked round to find a Red Indian grinning at me.

"I don't know whom you take me for," I retorted, with some asperity. People who discolour their cheeks with ochre and stick feathers in their hair aren't on my visiting-list. "I'm certain you haven't the pleasure of my acquaintance."

All the fellow did was to draw a tomahawk and brandish it close to my head.

"It would be much more to the point," I proceeded calmly, "if you'd get out of my path, for, if I don't reach a certain box by eleven thirty, sharp, a beautiful girl will sob her heart out."

At that very moment a door at our backs opened, and out came—of all people—Maurice, in the costume of Harlequin.

"Mr. Livingstone, I presume."

I flung my cloak majestically back, and struck an attitude. As the carnival spirit was abroad, I would surrender myself to it with the rest.

"Mr. Marconi, I don't think!"—Maurice hit my Indian friend a resounding thwack with the lath he carried.

From such behaviour to a perfect—or, rather, a very imperfect—stranger, I expected nothing less than a rough-and-tumble on the Kidderminster, but the victim merely laughed.

"Take old Molly inside and do the honours," he began, while I stood petrified with astonishment. "I've got to tackle the caterer about supper. The juggins has laid half-a-dozen places too few."

"Who was that?" I queried of the lozenge-covered Maurice, as the other disappeared in the throng. "His voice sounded familiar, but I can't recall where I've seen his face before, unless it's been on a tin of Somebody's Tea."

"That? That was Jack."

From his tone it might have been the most natural thing in the world for the tenth holder of an earldom to paint his face and pretend to be a savage, but I had too much affection for our hereditary aristocracy to feel anything but shame at the lapse, and my senses were still reeling from the shock of the revelation when Maurice flung open the door in the wall, and with a vigorous shove against my shoulder-blades, precipitated me into the midst of a fantastic group. There was a shepherdess à la Watteau—Maisie Marchmont; a Grenadier in the uniform of 1815—Ralph Fenwick; a pushing barrister whom I had introduced into the Lester circle; a pirate chief—too appropriate a costume to be worn by a Cabinet Minister, to wit, the Right Honourable James Tufnell; a charming Pierrette, in the person of Mrs. Tony Stewart, who combines the proprietorship of a manicure establishment in Bond Street with the entrée into the most exclusive Society; and last, but in my eyes most entrancing of all, Lady Diana Lester, from yashmak to slippers the Pride of the Harem.

With a gesture that would have done Count D'Orsay credit, I dropped on one knee and kissed my fair lady's hand, amid a murmur of subdued applause, but the effect of my gallantry was somewhat marred from the fact that it required the united efforts of the three other men to set me upright again, though, as I explained, to be stiff in the lumbar muscles is an affliction and not a disgrace.

[Continued overleaf.]

HO, EVE! HO!

FOR SALE.



THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

"What are you supposed to be, Mr. Molyneux?" asked Mrs. Tony pertly, when harmony had been restored, and we were all seated watching the eddying throng of masqueraders in the ball-room.

"Yes, what are you?" echoed James Tufnell—a rotten question from a person of his ability, since it was perfectly plain that, in striking contrast to others who ought to have known better, I had come to the Albert Hall representative of that enviable species—the English gentleman.

But, before I could point out this obvious fact in the simple yet graphic language the situation demanded, Maurice, who by every law of hospitality ought to have been playing host to Mrs. Marchmont, took upon himself to intervene.

"Why, can't you see, Molly's one of the b'hoys—Percy the pierhead pet; Gussie of the Girls' Own! Look at the rakish cut of his cloak—it's absolutely made for dirty work at the cross-roads, and that crimson lining is the latest fashion in the Divorce Court. Fie on you, gay dog, for daring to come here to rob us of our women's hearts! Begone, I say, begone!"

Twirling round like a teetotum in the restricted centre of the box, Maurice the Mad flourished his lath in my face as though it were a magician's wand. I doubt if even a master of the Black Art, in the palmiest days of necromancy, would have had much success in disposing of my avoirdupois with anything so unsubstantial as a mere spell. As it was, Maurice signally failed to effect his purpose, and I sat on undisturbed.

"It's not very amusing in here"—I addressed Diana with elaborate nonchalance—"How about taking a turn round, and perhaps on our return your brother's humour may be more under control?"

"They're serving supper here at one o'clock, remember." Diana addressed the box as she prepared to leave under my escort.

"So long, Tufnell," and I nodded affably at the statesman. "I don't entirely agree with the estimate of my character you have just listened to from Maurice, but you can take this from me as gospel truth—that if there were more of the chief and less of the pirate about you, you'd stand a better chance of securing a partner under sixty. Now, Di, I'm at your service."

Outside in the corridor, Diana's first act was so to adjust her veil that only a devoted admirer like myself, who was for ever seeing her features in fancy, could have identified her. Then we proceeded to the dancing floor proper, and perambulated round and round like dormice in a cage, to be continually greeted by the weirdest collection of characters claiming our acquaintance.

"I'm thankful you're with me to put names to 'em all," I said, as we sauntered along, criticising the costumes and their wearers; "I don't recognise a soul. There, who was that in the bath-towel who gave us the glad eye?"

"Why, Susan Fortescue as a Roman matron wearing the loveliest gown of *mousseline-de-soie*."

"Well, *honi soit* is what I say, but to me it looked every inch a bath-towel. I'm making discoveries every minute, Di."

"You'll have to continue your researches without me, then," she replied. "I must go back to my party."

I laid a restraining hand on Diana's fascinating sleeve of green-and-orange chiffon.

"Hang your party! I never saw a crew that wanted less attention from a hostess. It's any odds Tufnell's asleep in a corner; Mrs. Tony and Maisie are dead certain to have picked up cavaliers of their own; and, in that kit of his, Jack's no fit companion for anyone outside a convict prison. You come along with me, Di, and if, in a brace of shakes, I don't get hold of the tastiest little supper for two in that top gallery, my name is Norval, and on the Grampian Hills my father—poor though respectable—feeds his flock of sheep. There now, what do you say to that?"

Diana said nothing, but shook herself free from my affectionate grip, and was off among the crowd so quickly that it was all I could do to wrap my cloak round me and scurry in pursuit. Twisting and turning, eluding a couple here, avoiding a collision there, I dogged my Diana's flying footsteps until, owing to a pack of infernal idiots of both sexes blocking the way by dancing "Here we go round the mulberry-bush," as though the place were a *crèche*, I lost my quarry. But the next moment I caught sight of her again standing by a buffet, evidently under the impression that she had shaken me off, as I judged by the start she gave when I came up behind her and whispered, "Peep-bo!" into her ear.

"You don't give me the slip again, Madam," I panted. "Will you come quietly to supper, or must I drag you by main force, Diana?"

"Who?"

I controlled my temper with an effort. I wanted supper, not to answer silly questions.

"Oh, anything you like, then—Maud, or Dorothy, or Priscilla. It's all the same to me."

The girl cocked her head at me quizzically. I noticed that there was more green in her eyes than I'd hitherto thought.

"I'm called Prudence."

I shook with laughter at the quip.

"Ha, ha, that's droll—devilish droll. Prudence? You don't look it, especially in those trouser things. Ha, ha!"—And I was

off again until a kindly disposed bear clawed me about the back, under the impression that I was choking. "Oh, dear, you'll be the death of me," I gasped at length. "Now, what about having a quiet sup together?"

"I don't want any supper," said the girl, with an Odol smile.

"Then you're constituted very differently from me," I groaned, "for I've got a void inside that aches for sole and quails. I suppose I must do the best I can with these sandwiches"—I commandeered a plateful as I spoke—"and a tumbler of that fizzy stuff. There's just room on that sofa for a confiding couple."

We made our way across to it and sat down.

"Have one of these things, Di?" and I proffered my precious load for her inspection.

All I got for my pains was a pout.

"I tell you my name's Prudence. Suppose you let me know yours."

I often feel the stage lost a great ornament when I elected to become a clubman. It was in the spirit of true comedy that I proceeded to handle the situation.

"Mine, Prue?" I took a large bite at a sandwich to stimulate my imagination. "My name is Algernon—Algernon Cautley Hargreaves, to be exact. I'm just fifty-eight, but my real friends say I look younger. My parents both died before I was born, but, thanks to an uncle, I was apprenticed in my teens to a drysalter. When I grew tired of drying salt (a thirsty business, I can tell you) I went to the other extreme, and was called to the Bar—the Criterion bar. Then I took silk—and anything else that came handy, was briefed in the celebrated case of *Rex v. Joskins*, in which, as you doubtless recollect, my client got three years' forcible feeding for stamping on his cook, instead of her Insurance card; married the daughter of the Court usher, and—and here I am."

"Indeed." My companion regarded me critically. "No doubt you think that's very funny."

"Much more—it's uncommonly witty." And I munched away at my bread-and-ham in great good-humour, convinced that the inspiration that gave Browning the line, "All's well with the world," came to him as he was eating a ham-sandwich at 1 a.m. on an occasion when he had dined at 8 p.m. "Go away, Rudolph!"—I addressed a Palaeolithic warrior in the immediate foreground who was staring at Diana and myself with more interest than was permissible even at such a free-and-easy function as the one we were assisting at. "Go away, and take our kind regards to hairy Harriet!"

The primitive fellow gripped his club in a manner I didn't like, and thrust himself forward. With his flesh-coloured tights and shaggy body he would have been blackballed at the Chauffeurs' Club any time.

"Do you know whom you're addressing?" he growled with menace.

I pushed my plate of sandwiches under the sofa out of harm's way. Undoubtedly, the odour of the meat had attracted the creature.

"Ra—ther, the Wild Man of Wapping, worth any money to a travelling menagerie, but an awful nuisance to himself."

"Well, I happen to be that lady's husband," and restive Rudolph indicated Diana—my Diana.

The impudent assertion goaded me to my feet.

"That's pretty thick, even for a night like this. I've known her almost all her life, and I decline to have her husband sprung upon me at this hour. I'll tell you what it is, Rudolph," and I laid a confidential hand on his bearskin. "You've taken far too sudden a jump from the Stone Age to the Age of Roosevelt. Go back to the cold-water cure of antiquity, and hold hard with the sherbet of 1913. Ta-ta! We'd better return to the others, Di."

I turned to the girl—and staggered against Rudolph with such force that he tottered. As her lifted veil disclosed, I'd been all the time in converse with a strange female.

"Pardon me—most extraordinary—I could have sworn—" I stopped short, at a complete loss for words.

"I'm so glad you've found me, dear." In her joy at meeting her savage, Prudence had forgotten my presence. "I'm simply dying for something to eat."

Dying for something to eat? The consummate little hypocrite! Here had I foregone sole and quails, in the interests of whom?—a prehistoric peep, and a vixen behind a veil. Ye gods and little fishes! My anger boiled over.

"Well, of all the unconscionable impositions, I must say this—"

The sofa was empty. In the distance I saw Prudence and her Rudolph arm-in-arm on the way to the supper that by every right should have been mine. There was nothing for it but to return to the box, and the society of Tufnell and his fellow-roysterers. I entered just in time to see half a cutlet—such a juicy-looking cutlet—disappear down Maurice's throat.

"That was a scurvy trick you played me," I said, as I took my seat by Diana's side, "but I forgive you."

Andover looked up from his plate of *foie-gras*.

"What have you been doing all this time, Molly?" he inquired.

I plunged my fork into a bowl of lobster-salad, and, impaling a toothsome claw, held it up.

"Starving—for romance. Now I've found it."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

CHAMPIONSHIP PROSPECTS: MUTUAL INVASIONS OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

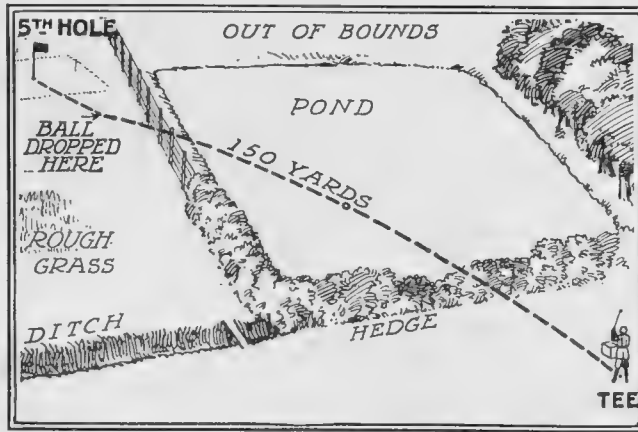
Britain v. America.

of an American invasion of Britain and a British invasion of America that are said to be about to take place in the season that will soon begin. The facts of the case are a little nebulous, as is inevitable so early in the year; but if a little of what is prophesied takes place (and that will surely be), rivalry between our players and those of the United States, amateur and professional, will be one of the features of the golf of next summer. The United States Golf Association has settled upon Garden City as the scene of its next amateur championship, and September as the month for it. I was out at Garden City one day in last October, towards the end of my American trip. It is only about an hour's run on the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York. Various things are said about

All the golfing people—or, at least, those who make themselves heard—are beginning to talk

constantly lamenting the bad state of his driving, and I think he has taken to shorter clubs now. He is with his father in a great

iron manufacturing business at Pittsburgh; and Mr. Fownes senior, though getting on in years, is an enormous enthusiast at the game, and when I saw him going out playing at eight o'clock in the morning he would (1) give me hints, (2) tell me of the vast good that golf had done him. The third man mentioned as coming is Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, a very promising young player of Massachusetts, who has done little as yet beyond winning the championship of his own State; and the fourth man is Mr. Harold Weber, a sound player who is nearly in the American champion class.



THE DREAM DRIVE: A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW MR. E. SIMPSON DID THE FIFTH HOLE IN ONE, ON THE ROCHFORD HUNDRED GOLF CLUB'S COURSE, NEAR SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA.

By Courtesy of the "Daily Mail."

A Team from the States.

There is the professional side of this international rivalry to be considered. Duncan, Ray, and Vardon are reported to have an American trip under their considera-

tion. The American professionals have got beyond this stage, and it is certain that the three leading American-born players—McDermott, MacNamara, and Brady—will all compete at the Open Championship at Hoylake in June. The money has been subscribed to defray their expenses. Besides these, it is likely that Alec Smith, Gilbert Nicholls, and Fred M'Leod—British players long settled in America, and regarded as real Americans now—will also come over for the championship, so that there will be a big team to represent the States, far bigger and stronger than there has ever been before; and with the Frenchmen also in force, we are promised such a championship at Hoylake as there never yet has been. Afterwards, four of the Americans will play four of France's best in a big international match at Versailles. It is going to be an exciting season, and we shall be in it very soon.—HENRY LEACH.



WHERE THE BALL DROPPED INTO THE HOLE WITH "THE LAST BREATH IN ITS BODY": THE FIFTH GREEN AT THE ROCHFORD HUNDRED GOLF CLUB.

Photograph by Sport and General.

the possibilities and probabilities of a British entry, and it is surely impossible that our country will not be represented in the event. The pity of it is that we have nothing in the way of an organisation or a committee to take such a business in hand, and that everything is left to spontaneous individual effort.

Some Likely Visitors.

On the other hand, we are told that four American amateurs will compete in our leading event at St. Andrews, which begins near the end of May, and that there is a possibility that others will do so also. These promises—if they are promises—cannot at this stage be taken as definite appointments; but it is, at any rate, very likely that certain of the Americans will be here. The four who are mentioned are an interesting quartet. First, there is Mr. Eben Byers, who once won the American amateur championship, and has paid visits to this country on two or three occasions and got himself very well liked. The last time he came was when the amateur championship was last held at St. Andrews, and it appears that the old grey city attracts him again. Mr. Byers will come to have a pleasant holiday among old friends, who will welcome him, but I do not think he expects to be near winning the championship. Second, there is Mr. W. C. Fownes, known to his intimates in the States as "Bill"—a nice man, and a good golfer with certain peculiarities. He used to drive with a driver of enormous length, but when I talked to him over the dinner-table at Chicago last summer he was



THE GOLFER'S HOLE-IN-ONE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE: THE SCENE OF MR. SIMPSON'S DRIVE, TO ILLUSTRATE ITS NATURE.

Said the "Daily Mail" the other day: "It has fallen to the lot of Rochford Hundred Golf Club, near Southend-on-Sea, to regale the golfing world with the most wonderful 'hole-in-one' story ever told. A golfer's dream was fulfilled next day while an Easter competition was in progress. One of the members, Mr. E. Simpson, amused a room full of golfers, waiting in the clubhouse till the rain should cease, by relating how the previous evening he dreamt that he 'holed out the fifth in one.' The fifth hole is a 'bogey three' of 150 yards. The tee is placed on a slight eminence with a hedge in front. A muddy pond must be diagonally carried on the way to the green, which is guarded on the right by a high boundary fence, and on the left by a range of grass bunkers. The bed of the pond, when periodically dredged, yields a heavy harvest of lost balls. Among those present when Mr. Simpson related his dream (before going out to play) were Mr. F. R. Tutten (hon. secretary), Mr. E. R. P. Homphray, Mr. Forsyth Johnstone, and Mr. R. A. Foster. The latter couple preceded Mr. Simpson and his partner (a visitor) when the weather permitted. On reaching the fifth green and holing out Messrs. Johnstone and Foster stood to watch Mr. Simpson's iron shot from the fifth tee. The ball dropped some twenty feet from the flag, trickled gently onwards, and, to the amazement of the watching players and their caddies, dropped into the hole with, as a caddy remarked, 'the last breath in its body.'"

(Photograph by Sport and General.)



ANOTHER DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, MORE RAG-TIME, AND FRAGSON.

IT is becoming the habit of the sketch-surgeon to fall in love with a married woman and then to be called upon to perform a life-or-death operation upon her husband. So far as I remember, Mr. Arthur Bouchier was the first to direct our attention to this cheerful quandary, and the idea has caught on. Its latest development is to be witnessed at the Empire in a very short little piece, entitled "13." Here we find a scientist surrounded by the most marvellous contraptions. He has devoted himself to researches into the properties of sundry and divers rays, with the laudable object of prolonging human life, and, with the assistance of a multitude of switches worked by an accommodating assistant, he produces combinations of rays of an alarming brilliancy. Blue, green, and red lights shine luridly forth, and strange buzzing sounds assail the startled ear. To this home of modern science comes the erring wife, bringing her husband, who is in a most unsatisfactory state of health, and she makes no bones about suggesting that the inventor has here an excellent opportunity for putting her spouse out of the way. After the application of the first ray it really looks as if the scientist had fallen in with her scheme, for the patient completely collapses. But science has its scruples as well as its resources, and the doctor determines to try his new "13" combination, with the result that the suggested victim rises from the couch a new man, and virtue is once more in the ascendant. Mr. Marsh Allen plays the part of the inventive genius with skill and distinction, and is considerably assisted by Mr. Victor Maude, who works the switchboard with consummate aplomb. Signorita Anita Bazzi does all she can with the part of the temptress, but her voice is hardly large enough for so big a building. Taking it for granted that the piece is intended to be a "thrill," it cannot be accounted a great success, for on the night, at any rate, on which I saw it the audience definitely declined to be thrilled, and there were signs of light-hearted raillery.

Toujours Perdrix. Yet another rag-time outburst has taken place at the Palace, and it must be candidly confessed that the last state of this particular form of entertainment is worse than the first. This new production is called "Le Petit

who go through strange antics with no very gratifying results. There is the usual straining after bustle and noise. Young men rush on to the stage from the body of the house, and the major portion of the company promenades up and down the centre of the stalls, the lady archly distributing flowers among the stall-holders. The songs are of the kind with which we are becoming dreadfully familiar, and we are, for the hundredth time of asking, treated to "Hitchy-Koo," this time in French, and "When the Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam." The humour is non-existent, and the mounting, which is intended to suggest lavishness, is unbecomingly. At one time we are vouchsafed a vision of feminine underwear which most people will consider equally unbecomingly, and at another we are treated to a pointless and unskilful imitation of Pavlova and Mordkin in the famous Bacchanale. The patrons of the Palace are so accustomed to be given of the very best that I was not surprised to find them regarding this unfortunate occurrence with a gloomy disdain.



IN "THE BORSTAL BOY," AT THE COLISEUM: MR. JOHN McNALLY AS ALBERT MINERAL, STEP-BROTHER OF CHARLIE; AND MISS NANCY PRICE AS MRS. MINERAL.



"THE BORSTAL BOY": MISS NANCY PRICE AS MRS. MINERAL, WASHERWOMAN; AND MR. REGINALD DAVIS AS CHARLIE, THE BORSTAL BOY.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's little one-act play, "The Borstal Boy," had its first production recently at the London Coliseum, and was a great success. It shows how, by hard work and proper feeding, a weedy youth is turned into a strapping young man.

Cabaret," and is described, for the purposes of information, as "a rag-time revel." It is a riotous thing, wholly devoid of reason and practically destitute of rhyme. The company is headed by a lady, who displays no noticeable talent, and is supported by performers

doubtful. His self-accompaniment is as deft as ever, and however much he lets himself go, his voice appears to be equal to the strain of singing an unlimited number of songs. Fragson may justly claim to be an institution.

ROVER.

And a Piano. Of the songsters who are their own accompanists,

Fragson is deservedly one of the most popular, and he is making his reappearance at the Coliseum with very marked success. He is about the only comedian who is equally at home with London and Parisian audiences, and he can boast a large following in both capitals. He can sing with like facility in both languages, and though it was in Paris that he first achieved fame, he is always sure of a hearty welcome when he visits London. On the present occasion he returns with a batch of new songs of various sorts and sizes, songs of Gay Paree and of girls at the seaside, songs of love, and even songs of rag-time. His present repertoire contains no ditty of the non-stop order, such as the well-remembered "He Received Me Most Politely," but he has one excellent topical song in which he catalogues the number of things we could forgive to one who would manage to give the quietus to Alexander's Band, and he is equally up to date in an effusion in which "Alice, Where Art Thou?" "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" and other famous songs are dealt with from the rag-time point of view. True to his own traditions, he introduces a waltz-song of which the words are alternately French and English, and here he knows that he is treading on safe ground. His methods have not changed. He still sits at right-angles to the piano and extends a lengthy foot far in front of him. He still lingers after each song, rubbing his hands together in a spirit of inquiry, and on receipt of the invariable demand, proceeds to take the encore of which he affects to be



CONTINENTAL GUIDES: MICHELIN ROAD-SIGNS: TALBOT "LUNGS": ARGYLL ENGINES.

The New Continental Guides.

Not content with offering tyres of superlative value and durability to the British public, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company are at further great pains to make fair the way of the motor-tourist before him. There are no more useful additions to a tourist's impedimenta than the atlases and road-guides published by the above-

named enterprising company which deal with the British Isles, France, and Germany. Handbooks appertaining to the two latter countries are already obtainable, while further atlases and handbooks treating of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland are in course of preparation. Hitherto the British tourist has given too little attention to the three last-named countries, many parts of which are eminently tourable, and with these the coming Continental guides will deal in a suggestive and instructive manner. Up to now, the flat, brick-paved roads of Holland, the pavé of Belgium, and the alleged Swiss motor-phobia have discouraged touring in those parts. But there are areas of Holland which are much to be recommended, districts of Belgium boasting fine scenery and grand roads, and many cantons of Switzerland where motorists are desired and welcomed.

Bravo, Bibendum! If any form of advertisement is calculated to prejudice the motorist against goods so advertised,

CAN IT BE THAT THERE WILL BE A "SHAMROCK" OF THE AIR? SIR THOMAS LIPTON TALKING TO COLONEL H. S. MASSEY, C.B., THE JUDGE AT THE EASTER AVIATION MEETING AT THE HENDON AERODROME.

Photograph by C.N.

tised, it is assuredly the practice of plastering the countryside with vividly eye-offending announcements of tyres, oils, petrol, and the like. I do not for one moment believe that the sales of any one firm have been increased one cover or a single gallon by such objectionable means. Now, although the Michelin Tyre Company have, with others, offended in this way in the past, it cannot be too widely known that during the present year they have, and without making any great song about it, removed no fewer than a thousand of their signs, and are going on to remove more. They now offer, upon receipt of a postcard or other information from any individual in the United Kingdom, to remove any of their signs to which objection may be taken. In this they have set, and are still setting, a magnificent and praiseworthy example.

"The Lungs of the Beast." In connection with any such epoch-making performance, as that of the Talbot car's 103 miles in the hour, much is subsequently written and said of the engine and the tyres. And very rightly, too. But an essential organ is the carburetter. If this functions not *à merveille*, nothing can be achieved, and it seldom, to my mind, gets anything like its due. As much thought and consideration has been put

into the design and production of many carburetters as even into the engines to which they are fitted, for the continuous production of the perfect mixture at all speeds is the will-o'-the-wisp which everyone endeavours to net. Now the part played by the Stewart Precision Carburetter in the Talbot triumph cannot be over-estimated, and in this respect I would recommend the perusal of an interesting little booklet issued by the Stewart Precision Company, of 98, High Street, Marylebone, which deals mainly with the great record. In this connection it cannot be too widely known that in the case of the Talbot, the "lungs of the beast" were just an ordinary standard carburetter, and not, as might well be imagined, a special racing type. So anyone can have one.

Argyll Engine No Infringement.

The judgment in the appeal of Knight and Kilbourne v. Argylls, Ltd., was given in the Appeal Court on March 19, the Judges being the Master of the Rolls and the Lords Justices Buckley and Hamilton. As most of my readers know, the appeal concerned the question of alleged infringement by Messrs. Argylls, Ltd., of the plaintiffs' patent for a sleeve-valve engine, the engine concerned from the Argyll Company's point of view being the single-sleeve rotary device known as the Argyll sleeve-valve engine. Mr. Justice Buckley held that the Argyll compound movement was a wholly different movement from that of the appellants. The Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Buckley and Hamilton all agreed that the defendants did not infringe.

The Effect of the Body-Shop.

Many motorists are now taking delivery of their cars (ordered at the Show or later) from the motor-body builders, and it may be that the body-maker and the motor-car manufacturer are many miles apart—too far, indeed, for an expert to be sent down to get the car into running order, after a sojourn of six weeks or so in the atmosphere of a body-shop. Though the reason has always escaped me, it is certainly true that the most perfectly tested chassis seems to become unhinged and demoralised by contact with the coach-builder. Such a car, unless taken in hand and tuned up again after body-fitting, will, as a rule, run most stubbornly and unresponsively. The happy owners of new cars, should therefore do a little tuning if they are able, or get some capable person to do this, if the job is beyond them. If this is not possible, then, at the least, the cylinders, crank-chamber, gear-box, and back-axle should all be well washed out with paraffin and recharged with fresh lubricant.



SUNSET OVER THE HENDON AERODROME: BIPLANES RETURNING IN THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE DURING THE EASTER AVIATION MEETING.

Photograph by C.N.



ON THE RIVIERA: SIR HUGO DE BATHE, BR.

Sir Hugo de Bathe, fifth baronet, was born on August 10, 1871, and succeeded in 1907. In 1899 he married Emily Charlotte, daughter of the Very Rev. William Corbet le Breton, Dean of Jersey, and widow of Edward Langtry. Formerly in the Gloucestershire Regiment, he served in South Africa in 1900. —[Photograph by Navello.]

Thomas Henry Brand, a boy of twelve, son of Viscount Hampden, and grandson, on his mother's side, of the Duke of Buccleuch. Like the departing page, who has outgrown his post and leaves with an "Esquire" to his name in the "Court Circular," he is related to a Speaker, his father's father having filled the Chair for six years.



A HOST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN GERMANY: THE KING OF WÜRTTEMBERG—WITH HIS SECRETARY.

William II., King of Württemberg, was born on February 25, 1848, son of Prince Frederick, and succeeded King Charles I., son of his grandfather's brother, in 1891. His first wife, who died in 1882, was Princess Marie of Waldeck-Pyrmont. In 1886 he married Princess Charlotte of Schaumburg-Lippe, daughter of the late Prince William. He has a daughter, Princess Pauline, who was born in 1877, and married Frederick, Prince of Wied, in 1898.

Photograph by Navello.

THE King has rid himself of an encumbrance; the official fiction of a couple of birthdays has gone. On Tuesday, June 3, his Majesty will be forty-eight, and the occasion will be celebrated in London and at all stations at home and abroad. Although the official celebration of a wrong day imposed little extra correspondence, and no cake, upon Buckingham Palace, the amalgamation has good sense on its side. His Majesty sets little enough store by the real festival, and would certainly never be persuaded to renew his interest in a wholly unpromising repetition. Nor, even on the rightful day, do random presents pour in to fill his corner cupboards and encumber his private letter-bag. Edward VII. was the victim of every generous impulse; but, with all deference to Lord Rosebery, King George is not young enough to be the recipient of many hampers, nor old enough to provoke a sympathetic *camaraderie* among the dowagers.

Page 2. The King's choice of a page has gone to the Hon.



A HOSTESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN GERMANY: THE QUEEN OF WÜRTTEMBERG.

The Prince of Wales arrived by motor-car at the Wilhelm Palace at Stuttgart on March 27, as guest of the King and Queen of Württemberg. Queen Charlotte, whose marriage took place in 1886, was born in October 1864, Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe. —[Photograph by E.N.A.]

The Unknown.

Mr. Lewis Harcourt, the new Trustee of the British Museum, has often made the swing doors spin in Bloomsbury; but how easy it would have been to elect a man who had never done so! Mr. Birrell, for instance, a notorious bookman, confessed quite late in his career that he had never entered the Reading-Room. He may, since then, have spoilt his record, like the Member for a London Division who "paired" for a dull division that he might pay a first visit to the National Gallery, and asked his way twice after leaving the House before he found the entrance.

Brighton Rediscovered.

While Sir Herbert Tree's far-sighted brother has been drawing London portraits in Verona, Sir Herbert himself and Lady Tree have rediscovered Brighton. Rottingdean pleases them

quite as well as Mentone, and on the front Sir Herbert finds abundant opportunities of watching his friend the Waster. It was there he came to the conclusion (for the purposes of a speech) that the spirit of the Elizabethan adventurer waits ready for the call in the present age of idleness. The vivid presence of Lady Diana Manners, in the company of the Trees, has also added considerably to the attractions of the South Coast, and the arrival of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's bath-chair has lately been one of the events of each morning—a *matinée* of the foreshore.

Attractions, of Sorts.

Herbert and Lady

Tree in Rottingdean, the linking-up of the two places during the past week or two has been constant. But Lady Diana is not the only go-between. Sir Philip Burne-Jones is still faithful to a scene long since deserted by his relative, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and the result is that he often finds himself among the grey slates of a town he can never quite reconcile with his notion of the beautiful. The grey-green of olive-trees is admitted to his palette; but the grey roof of the Brighton slum is of another order. For all that, Brighton is just now catching the eye, and the approving eye, of a new class of visitor; and Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll and Lord and Lady Anglesey have all been making satisfactory excuses for its less pleasing aspects.

Hemphill and Hamilton.

Miss May Hamilton marries into a family of vigorous political beliefs. Lord Hemphill is a Liberal who satisfies all the expectations of Irish neighbours in Merrion Square; moreover, he has a brother! Captain the Hon. Fitzroy Hemphill has thrice contested difficult seats in the Liberal interest, was for three years Chairman of the Political Committee of the National Liberal Club; and married a Martyn! Mrs. Fitzroy Hemphill was closely related to "King Edward" Martyn of Tullyra, famous for Nationalistic feelings that would have done credit to any member of Mr. Hawtrey's company, and whose exploits with a band may have suggested one of the episodes of "General John Regan," the Irish comedy at the Apollo.



ON THE RIVIERA: THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON.

Lionel Arthur Henry Seymour Dawson-Damer, sixth Earl of Portarlington, was born on August 28, 1883, and succeeded in 1900. In 1907 he married Winnifreda, only child of George Skelton Yuill, of 37, Chesham Place, and has a son, Viscount Carlow, who was born on December 20, 1907.

Photograph by Navello.



ON THE RIVIERA: LADY EVA DUGDALE AND PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

Lady Eva Dugdale, sister of the Earl of Warwick, was born in 1860. From 1893 to 1901 she was a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Mary (then Princess of Wales); from 1901 to 1910 she was a Woman of the Bedchamber, and she was re-appointed in the latter year. In 1895 she married Mr. Frank Dugdale, Equerry-in-Waiting to Queen Mary, and Extra Equerry-in-Waiting to King George. Prince Alexander is the eldest son of Princess Beatrice, and was born in 1886.

Photograph by Navello.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Disappearing as a Fine Art.

Every day that passes in London one individual vanishes, and is, in the words of the fairy-tale, "never seen or heard of again." It is an amazing state of affairs, and only proves once more the irresistible impulse for adventure, the desire to throw off shackles and to loosen ties, which possesses sometimes the meekest human beings. In Sir Frederick Wedmore's well-known story, "The Fitting Obsequies," it was a working watch-maker who, growing tired of conjugal life in a side street in Brixton, threw his hat into the lake in Battersea Park and allowed his friends to suppose him drowned. A year later he was recognised in Camden Town High Street in the company of "a remarkably well-grown young woman," who, it appeared, sold programmes at a theatre, and was no enemy of what the French euphemistically term *l'union libre*. It was a man, and therefore a friendly co-conspirator, who saw Mr. Salting and his new love, so that he was left in peace while time wove a veil over his strange disappearance. In short, Mr. Salting carried off the great adventure rather neatly. For disappearing is a Fine Art, and one growing more difficult of accomplishment every day. A flight by sea is no longer a sure way of vanishing into the unknown; "wireless telegrams" have made ship-board the worst place in the world to hide, and eloping delinquents are apt to be met, on landing, by exceedingly disagreeable questions. That curious modern disease, complete loss of memory, accounts for the disappearance of many estimable persons who would not inflict pain upon a fly; but, above all, tiffs are the most prolific cause of disappearances. Yet, after all, in cutting off all human ties and vanishing into the wide world, there is a fine courage, a singular audacity, which compels our admiration.

The Efforts of Miss Eliza.

When Miss Eva Moore, in some incredible fashion, succeeds every evening at nine o'clock in transforming herself into a guy, we admit unreservedly that dress makes the woman, just as manners make the man. Of course, she could not be permitted to wear spectacles, a stiff sailor-hat, and a voluminous plaid skirt all through the play, and we see her presently with modish hair and the scantiest of modern frocks, as fashionable as any young lady "out to show herself" in the audience. But, though dressed in the extreme of the mode, Eliza is obviously not happy. She does not mind enduring the martyrdom of tight shoes and corsets, of narrow skirts and insufficient sleeves, so long as she finds favour in the eyes of the beloved object. But when she finds that all these efforts towards beautification are to result in marriage with an elderly noodle, Eliza is frankly in despair. Is she to be thrown, as she candidly states, upon the "dust-heap" after all these strivings and prunings, this expenditure of time and money? To what purpose has she taken all this trouble to convert herself from a plain, sensible girl into an over-dressed young lady? For to become the kind of person that Eliza becomes requires continual effort—the

paying, in short, with one's person; and the sensible being who still exists behind the modish mask thinks it isn't worth it. There are many girls nowadays who deliberately discard their birthright of youth and good looks, holding the theory that they cannot afford the time and money necessary when there is only a remote chance of even an elderly noodle turning up to reward their efforts. Yet the odds are that Woman, being singularly astute, will, as a sex, cling to the weapons with which Nature has provided her for the great battle of life.

The Pleasures of Quarrelling.

as do their brothers nature of

Do women quarrel as much as men? If they do, I am sure they do not get as much glorious fun, as much mental stimulation, out of "rows" and sons. This appetite for shindies is, in the things, a specially masculine trait, Man being an aggressive, egoistic animal, who will not brook criticism or interference with what it pleases him to do. At our politer Universities, such as Oxford and Cambridge, you shall see young gentlemen of the best families constantly occupied in ragging, and in perpetual conflict with their elders or with each other. But I have never heard of a rag—however mild—at Newnham or Girton, at Somerville or Lady Margaret Hall. Evidently the girl student does not feel, like her brother, a deep, primordial instinct for rows.

Why Not England?

I received three Easter cards, the pictures and superscriptions on which made me thoughtful. All were from young friends spending their Easter vacation away from London. On one was the familiar outline of St. Petersburg, with its palaces, domes, and cupolas, and in the foreground the frozen Neva, laid with steel rails, with two hideous tram-cars watched over by an official in the typical huge Russian overcoat. Although I have not beheld, with these eyes, the frozen Neva, still I am familiar, in summer time, with the river which washes the walls of the famous fortress and prison of St. Peter and St. Paul. In short, I have been to the capital of All the Russias.

The second card came from the far South, and had palm-trees and camels as a contrast to the icy Neva. It was from Algiers, and at once called up memories of Mustapha Supérieure, of a pergola twined with roses, and visited by fluttering white doves, where a table was laid looking on to a blue Mediterranean, and where a friendly exiled Parisian ministered to our wants, chatting of her native capital, while she advised us about the wine, and urged the *plat du jour*. Yes, like most English folk, I have been, not once, but twice, to Algiers. The third card depicted a grey cathedral and the ruins of an ancient wall, a smooth-cut lawn such as you see to perfection only in Southern England—the whole set in a frame of fat, umbrageous trees. This beautiful place is Worcester, and though I know Russia and the sandy deserts of North Africa, I have never been there. I wonder how many English folk are in a like case, which, when one comes to think of it, is scandalous.



THE LATEST FROM PARIS: DINNER-DRESSES AND AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

The left-hand gown is of silver-grey charmeuse, the tunic draped in paniers over a front of Bruges lace over white satin. The second figure wears a dinner-gown of banana-coloured Liberty satin, with a swathed drapery of mousseline-de-soie, gathered up into the waist with a buckle of gold. The third gown is one suitable for a home dinner, of mole-coloured satin, forming a train, veiled with a short tunic of cherry-coloured gauze, hemmed with ostrich-feather trimming. The right-hand figure has a simple visiting-gown of red-brown crêpon with a guimpe of fine écu linen, belted with black silk tricot.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 9.

A TURN FOR THE BETTER.

MEMBERS returned from their Easter holidays in a very different mood from that in which they left the House.

The change of sentiment was really remarkable, although the general improvement in the outlook certainly warranted a happier feeling. Ministers' speeches on the political situation were very much more optimistic than for a long time past, and a better feeling has been apparent on the Continental Bourses. As we pointed out a week ago, there is every prospect of some relief from the stringency in the Money Market, and in some quarters it is even suggested that the Bank Rate may be reduced before long. It is rather early to speculate on that, however, but the distribution of the Government balance will greatly help the situation.

Prices have gone ahead in nearly every department except Rubbers (where the continued depression of the raw article is a bear point) and some American rails, where the immense damage caused by the floods has checked any advance.

Home Rails have made an excellent showing throughout the list; while the view, which we have so often expressed, that Great Central Junior stocks were among the most attractive has been fully borne out. We still recommend a purchase on any reaction.

Among Foreign Railways, Mexican issues have registered an important advance, partly in sympathy with the rest of the markets, and partly owing to optimistic reports which are being circulated as to the internal affairs. Too much reliance, however, should not be placed on these statements, as we fear it will be some time before Mexican affairs are again normal.

RIO TINTO.

The announcement of the final dividend by this Company of 50s. per share (actual) was very much in accordance with market anticipation, and brought the total return up to 90 per cent. for the year—a distribution which has only twice been exceeded in the history of the Company. From the Report, which appeared on Thursday evening, it is quite clear that the directors could have paid considerably more—12s. per share, in fact, if they had liked—but they wisely decided to make generous allowances to depreciation and carry forward. These amounted to £147,500 and £194,600, respectively, against £76,200 and £28,300 a year ago.

During the year a rather larger quantity of ore was mined than during 1911, the actual figures being 2,406,700 tons, against 2,185,000, while the average of the copper contents was also higher at 2.18 per cent.; 39,900 tons of copper were sold, being an increase of nearly 20 per cent. With regard to the outlook for the current period, the directors do not commit themselves to any very definite statement, but simply express the opinion that the outlook in regard to the price of the metal is not unsatisfactory. Standard copper is, of course, at present considerably lower than last year, when the average price of the metal was £73 per ton, against to-day's quotation of £66.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS.

It is some weeks since we referred to this group of securities, but nothing has transpired to alter our good opinion. During the last few days several of these Companies have issued their Reports, which have been, without exception, of a favourable nature.

The Foreign, American, and General Investments Trust Deferred is to receive a balance dividend of 4 per cent. for the year ending March 15, making in all 6½ per cent. £6000 is placed to the reserve fund, and the carry-forward is increased by about £700 to £7961. A year ago the distribution amounted to the same, but was made up of a 5 per cent. dividend and 1½ bonus. The directors apparently have now no doubt as to being able to continue this rate, and are therefore paying the whole as a dividend.

The same change in the manner of paying the final distribution is adopted by the directors of the American Investment Trust, who have declared a final dividend at the rate of 11 per cent., making in all 8 per cent. for the year, while a year ago the dividend was 6 per cent., with a bonus of 2 per cent. Nearly 10 per cent. is being earned on the Deferred stock, and an increase in the rate of distribution can be confidently looked for during the next two years, so the current quotation of 148 cum dividend does not appear excessive.

The Second Scottish American Trust results do not show any very important change. The net revenue balance at £42,900 showed an increase of about £200, and the dividend is maintained at 9½ per cent. The bulk of the Trust's money, as its name implies, is invested in American securities, and it is therefore not surprising to find a drop in the valuation of the investments. A surplus of £407,900 is now shown by assets over the combined Share and Debenture capital of the Company, as against £438,000 last year. In spite of this reduction, however, the position is immensely strong, and the surplus gives a value to the capital stock of just over £200.

In the cases of all three Companies the position revealed is satisfactory, the break-up value of the shares being in excess of market

valuation, and we look for a continued improvement in quotation during the current year.

LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.

The Report of this Company for 1912 does not make very satisfactory reading for those interested, although recent developments had prepared shareholders for poor results. It will be remembered that the £5 shares (£2 paid) were quoted as high as £32 at one time during 1911, but since then the price has dwindled away, and after the announcement of the postponement of the interim dividend, the Shares were marked down to £15. Recently they have dropped still further, and are at present quoted at £12.

The root of the trouble is the unsatisfactory business which was undertaken in America, and from which the directors have now wisely withdrawn. The optimists held that the postponement of the interim dividend was not absolutely necessary, but the Report falsifies any such hopes, and the Ordinary have to go without their dividend.

We have not the space to go fully into the figures, but it has been found necessary to transfer £75,000 from the reserve fund to the reserve for outstanding claims, and the auditors state that there are no means of ascertaining the losses which may ultimately arise on risks still current in the United States; but they have no reason to doubt the efficiency of the reserves provided, which are considerably in excess of the amounts required by the United States law.

It is to be hoped that the Chairman will take the shareholders fully into his confidence at the meeting on April 3. They are, at any rate, entitled to know just how they stand.

With regard to the future, we certainly think that dividends will be resumed within a reasonable time, as the Company has a lot of good business, and the new general manager is a thoroughly capable man; also we believe this can be accomplished with the funds now in hand—but we should like to be reassured upon this point at the coming meeting. Shareholders, however, must be prepared to wait.

SCHIBAEFF PETROLEUM COMPANY.

The Schibaieff Petroleum Company's scheme of reconstruction was carried at the meeting last Thursday, and should put the affairs of the Company upon a proper basis, as it will enable bankers' and other claims, totalling about half-a-million, to be paid off. On the other hand, the acceptance of the scheme should be considered a bull point for Shells, who will get the lion's share of the profits, and we cannot help thinking that the Schibaieff directors could have made a better bargain for their shareholders.

Preference shareholders had much to complain of in the scheme as originally propounded, but the new proposals put forward at the meeting go a long way to meet their objections. They will now be entitled to subscribe for 115,000 Preference shares at par, and will no doubt avail themselves of this opportunity. The Shell interests, through the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, will in future be entitled to the 5 per cent. preferential dividend on their holding of £355,000 Preference shares, and to three-eighths of the remaining profits. We congratulate the Preference shareholders on the alteration of the scheme, but we congratulate the directors of the Shell Company still more.

MISCELLANEOUS MINING NOTES.

Mount Elliotts have recovered somewhat from the slump which occurred owing to the news of the fire in the Consols Mine, but we doubt whether the present price will be sustained for any length of time. Some months ago we advised holders to get out, and we still take the same view. The fire will probably take some time to overcome and the high-grade ore be exhausted in a little over a year from now.

The dividend of sixpence per share recently announced by the Cordoba Copper Company brings the total distribution for the year up to 20 per cent. Great things are hoped from the new coal-bearing properties which were acquired last year, and if these hopes are realised, there should be a saving in the coal-bill of £10,000 to £15,000 a year. Whether or not the present rate of dividends can be maintained depends so largely upon the course of the Copper Market that the shares are only a speculation at their present price of 7s. 1½d., but, as such, they have considerable attraction.

When writing of the Consolidated Mines Selection Company in July of last year, we expressed the opinion that a dividend of 10 per cent. should be forthcoming for 1912, and this is the actual figure now paid. The holdings in the various Companies are never published by the board, although the directors have more than once been pressed to do so. As far as can be gathered, however, the present quotation of 13s. is just about covered by the value of the assets. The chief holdings are Brakpans and Transvaal Coal Trusts, both of which appear to have very hopeful prospects, while the value of the Company's holding in Spring Mines is likely to increase materially before long. Round about 13s. the shares are a good purchase.

Another Company with hopeful prospects owing to its holdings in the same mines is the New Era Consolidated, which is also interested in Van Ryn Deep and City Deep.

[Continued on page 423.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Great Little Lady.

Lady Dorothy Nevill was small, very neat, very erect, and had the brightest of eyes and the most perfectly cut small features. In her youth she must have well merited the name of "pocket Venus." It was only in feature and physique that she was small: great breadth of mind and great steadfastness of character were hers, as well as great powers of observation and great ability to get the best out of those about her and those whom she met. Lady Dorothy had been able to enjoy life up to quite near the end. It is but a little while ago that I



ENGAGED TO COLONEL DUNCAN A. MACFARLANE, D.S.O.; MISS EDITH LAVINIA BINGHAM.

Miss Bingham is the younger daughter of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Richard Bingham, and granddaughter of the third Earl of Lucan. She is to marry Colonel Macfarlane, late of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, commanding the Seaforth and Cameron Infantry Brigade, Inverness.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

of Europe in the new Queen of Greece. The Kaiser's fourth and favourite sister, she had the advantage of training by a mother who was the worthy daughter of Queen Victoria, and one of the cleverest and finest-charactered women of her age. Queen Sophie has brought up her family of five splendidly. They spent many summers over here, living simply and quietly at Seaford in a way as inexpensive and unostentatious as the children of any fairly well-off professional man. They were surrounded by the right kind of people (their mother saw to that), and as long as she could she stayed with them at the quiet, healthful little seaside spot that they all grew to love. They were not rich for their position, and made no pretence of being so. A visitor having dropped cigar-ash on a carpet and burnt a hole in it, the proprietress of the establishment was fussing about it. The youngest Prince remarked, with heart-

Another sensible, level-headed, kind-hearted, capable woman has been added to the crowned heads

Queen Sophie.

dictated diplomacy, "There are several holes in our nursery carpet, and father says we can't afford a new one, so they have been mended—can't this one be?"



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES MAX PAGE ON THE 5TH; MISS HELEN ALICE HOLDERNESS.

Miss Helen Alice Holderness is the only daughter of Sir Thomas Holderness, K.C.S.I., Secretary of the Revenue Statistics and Commerce Department of the India Office. Mr. Charles Max Page is the only son of Mr. Charles Page, of 4, Carlyle Mansions.

dictated diplomacy, "There are several holes in our nursery carpet, and father says we can't afford a new one, so they have been mended—can't this one be?"

Brilliant Golfing Coats.

The links look like flower-gardens when a lot

of ladies are playing, so decorative are the bright-hued golf-coats. Rose red, sealing-wax red, emerald green, sulphur yellow, saffron colour, pale blue, cobalt blue, bright purple, are just a few of the tints that embellish our golf-courses. Even the man golfer appears in very light grey suits, and wears coloured ties. Wherever the bright hues which have come into fashion fail to secure success, it is assuredly not on the golf-links, where they are heartily welcomed. There is a theory, with which I

have some sympathy, that the wearing of undecided hues is a sign of indecision in character. Certainly for the last five years we have worn indescribably undecided shades, and we have been a wobbly nation, take us all round. The brighter hues may be signs that we are stronger in our opinions, and harbingers of brighter times!

Collections.

Almost everyone at all interested in life collects something at some period or another. The late Lady Dorothy Nevill had several collections, but one was of homely, necessary linen buttons. These looked dull enough displayed in cases, until their owner began to talk of them, and so invest them with absorbing interest. A collection of playing-cards doesn't sound thrilling, but some of those belonging to Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, a fair American, are very much so. One pack is decorated by an Indian on the skin of the husband of a lady whom he admired, and who used to pass her long hours during that husband's absence playing solitaire. The Indian murdered him, and sent the cards to her, saying he thought they would be more use to her than her husband ever was. There is a pack in this same collection that belonged to the King of Würtemberg who married a daughter of George III. It was discovered, in a leather case with his name on it, in a little tobacconist's shop. A lady is said to have sent a new footman to get her cards from the library table preparatory to a start on a round of calls. Her feelings may be imagined when his answer to her "We have only five more to leave," giving him the addresses, was, "I'm sorry, Madam, but we've only got two left—the Ace of Diamonds and the Jack of Spades." Yet cards were once used for visiting purposes.

The Coming Season.

There are clouds over the coming season through mourning, but these will in a short time pass away. Our King and Queen will not attend any balls or give any balls. The State visit of the King and Queen of Denmark will probably be postponed at least until autumn. These are the chief consequences so far as the Court is concerned. The death of the Duke of Abercorn and of Countess Winterton places the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne in mourning, also the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire; the death of Countess Cowper places her brother, the Marquess of Northampton, her niece by marriage, Lady Desborough, and her nephew by marriage, Lord Lucas, all in mourning. The death of Countess Merenberg places her daughter, Countess Torby, in mourning; and so it goes on. There are several big events for charity, there are dances innumerable already announced, there are three Courts. Royal-family mourning will be lightened by Ascot, and so through the social cloud the silver lining is clearly visible.

Musical and theatrical people should find extremely useful the English edition of the "Annuaire des Artistes," published in London under the title of "The Universal Music and Dramatic Directory, 1913," by H. Bonnaire, 20, High Holborn. It gives a great deal of information relating to music and the drama in London and the provinces, and in all parts of the world. France is treated much more fully than other countries. We notice that Alsace and Lorraine are not included under "Allemagne," but have a separate heading.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN H. STURGIS, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE; MISS V. GRINNELL-MILNE.

Miss V. Grinnell-Milne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell-Milne, of Ennismore Gardens, S.W. Captain H. Sturgis, of the Rifle Brigade, is the eldest son of Mr. H. Sturgis, of Leatherhead, Surrey.

Photograph by Langflier.



ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY FRANCIS SHARMAN-CRAWFORD; MRS. ASHURST MORRIS.

Mrs. Ashurst Morris, of 44, Cadogan Square, is a well-known London hostess. Mr. Henry Francis Sharmancrawford has his home at Crawfordsburn, Ireland. The wedding is to take place quietly in a short time.

Photograph by Val Estrange.



TO MARRY MISS HELEN ALICE HOLDERNESS ON THE 5TH; MR. CHARLES MAX PAGE, F.R.C.S.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.

Continued from page 420.]

British Broken Hills are now quoted at a figure which seems fully to discount the drop that has occurred in the price of lead. During 1912 dividends totalling 7s. were paid. This figure is not likely to be repeated, but at anything under 40s. the shares should offer a handsome return.

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Although gross receipts have increased by 16 per cent. to £3,584,000, the report of the Cunard Steamship Company is, at first glance, a little disappointing, because the net profits apparently show a reduction over the 1911 figures.

If, however, a careful comparison is made between the two years' results, it will be quickly seen that this is not really the case. The net profit, amounting to £264,300, is arrived at after deducting, among other items, provision for renewals and repairs. In 1911, £179,000 was so spent, while last year the amount was £273,000, and the directors have placed £300,000 to a reserve account, against which they charge this sum. This leaves a balance of £27,000, which would have gone to swell the net profit if the same procedure had been followed as in 1911, and would have brought that total up to £290,000, which is £22,000 more than the 1911 figure.

In spite of various and expensive troubles, such as the coal strike and the necessity for making additional provision for lifeboats, etc., the Company had a record year, and besides paying dividends upon an increased amount of Preference capital, the Ordinary receive 10 per cent. against 7½ per cent. a year ago.

There has been considerable talk of late about the large increase of self-insurance undertaken by the Atlantic Shipping Companies, especially among the German lines, and apparently the Cunard directors are of the same mind, as they are asking the shareholders to give the board wide powers in this direction.

Saturday, March 29, 1913.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVESTOR.—It is quite possible that the shares may be put up to, say, 4s., when you should take the opportunity and sell.

SPERO.—(1) Yes; they are a hopeful gamble; (2) Not improbable; (3) Of the two, we should sell the Premiers.

T. D. S. B.—We hope you received our letter safely.

A. H. A.—(1) Red Sea Oilfields held properties at Ras. Jemsah, on the Egyptian shores of the Red Sea. All properties were transferred to Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields, Ltd. in 1911; address—26, Victoria Street. No dividend; (2) Egyptian Oil Trust—on west side of Gulf of Suez and Red Sea. Gensah properties sold to above Company 1910. Same address. No dividend; (3) Suez Oil Company owns about fifty square miles on Gulf of Suez. 71, Finsbury Pavement. No Report available.

SHAMROCK.—We deal with your question in our Notes. The security is distinctly not one we should recommend in your circumstances, and you should sell, at all events, when you can do so without a loss.

H. S. (Liverpool).—(1) Yes, certainly; (2) Yes, and notices would be published in the various financial papers; (3) It depends upon the terms of issue. In most cases they are redeemable at specified dates at a specified price, generally par. We can always give you the necessary particulars.

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WHITE HEATHER.—The people you mention are out to sell Bonds which they hold; (2) is a fair speculative holding; (4) We should sell; (5) You can hold. We will make further inquiries and reply as to the remainder next week.

SCRUTATOR and D. W. (India).—We have answered you by post.

TOKIO.—We think you could find a more satisfactory investment. Chinese 1912 or State of Rio de Janeiro Loan are both more likely to rise and get you back your loss.

F. L. R. (Kimberley).—Thanks for letter and photograph, but we fear the latter is not of sufficient general interest for us to use. We therefore return it.



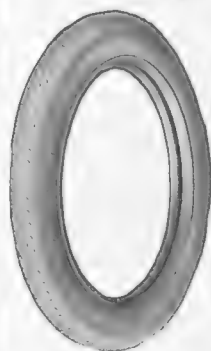
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3 Very Handsome Design White Enamel Bedroom Suites, of Louis XIV. style .. at	7 15 0
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4 Solid Oak Full-size Bedsteads to match, with patent Wire Spring Mattress, complete .. at	2 10 0
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2 Pair of 3 ft. Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedsteads to match .. at	2 5 0
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3 Massive Polished Brass and Black Bedsteads, with Fine Quality Spring Mattress .. at	3 17 6
2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Sliding Trays and Drawers, .. at	7 15 0
2 Solid Oak ditto .. at	5 15 0
2 Large Spanish Mahogany Wardrobes, fitted with Drawers, Trays, &c. .. at	9 15 0
2 Fine Solid Oak Chests of Drawers .. at	2 5 0
2 Exceptionally Well-made Bedroom Suites in Solid American Walnut, with 5 ft. 6 in. Wardrobes .. at	12 10 0
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Very Choice Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite .. at	11 15 0
Elaborate all Brass Sheraton Style Bedstead, with superior Spring Mattress and Bedding, complete .. at	4 10 0
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16 16 6	
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Very Choice Adams Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. wide Wardrobe .. at	19 19 0
Massive Square Pillar Brass Bedstead, with Bedding all complete .. at	5 15 0
Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite .. at	32 0 0
Very Fine all Brass Bedstead, fitted Superior Spring Mattress .. at	5 10 0
Costly Inlaid Satin Wood Bedroom Suite .. at	35 0 0
Panelled Satin Wood Bedstead to match Very Magnificent "Empire" Design Bedroom Suite .. at	10 10 0
65 0 0	
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Turkey Pattern Axminster Pile Carpet, about 9 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. .. at	3 17 6
Turkey Pattern Rug to match .. at	0 10 0
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Queen Anne Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small ditto .. at	7 15 0
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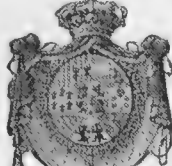
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to H.M. the King of Spain.

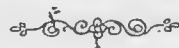
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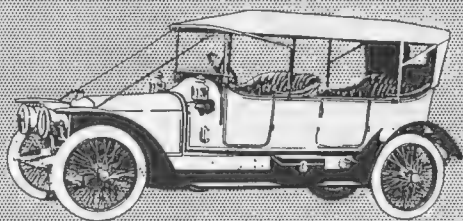
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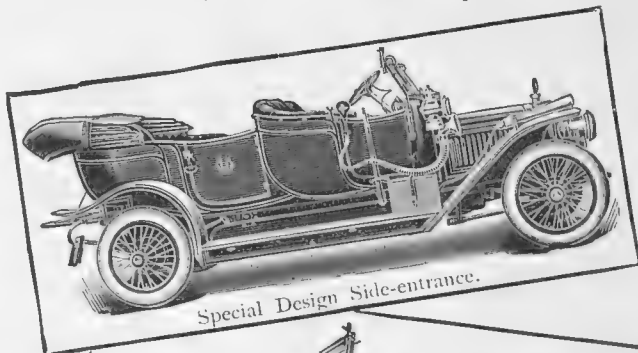
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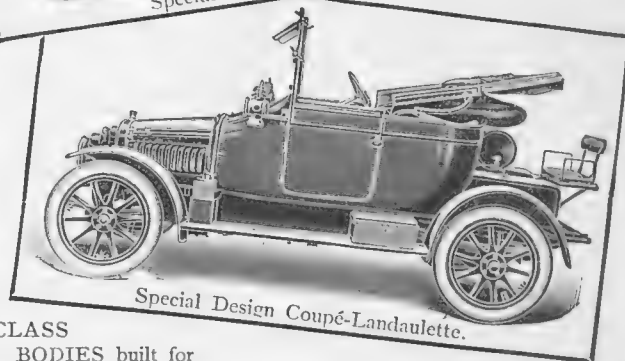
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FURTHER MOTOR CAR TYPES. No. 19—The De Dion Bouton.

The accompanying illustration is a fair instance of the progress in motor-car construction between the closing years of last century and the thirteenth year of this. Both the cars are De Dions, the prehistoric-looking one on the left being a typical 3½ h.p. single-cylinder of 1899. The driver's legs can be seen projecting from under the hood, of which, it will be noted, the front passengers have an unobstructed view. To turn from that picture to the other is to bridge a vast gulf. Here we have one of the most powerful and luxurious touring cars in existence—a 1913 8-cylinder 50 h.p. De Dion. So great a change has the comparatively short space of fourteen years wrought.

To construct tyres and wheels that will carry these monsters rapidly, economically, and with certitude implies as great an advance in tyre as in engine and body construction. The first practicable pneumatic tyre in the world was a Dunlop. This was made nearly twenty-five years ago. It is the progress gained during that quarter of a century that still keeps the Dunlop in the foremost place. And as in tyres, so in wheels. In 1899 the car wheel was nothing more than a substantial cycle wheel. Then came the wooden artillery wheel, and later the Dunlop detachable wire wheel, which now holds pride of place, not unchallenged, yet supreme.

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A delighted amateur golfer writes re Dunlop V—"By far the best ball I have ever used during my seven years' golfing experience."



THE only City in the civilised world where the Lancia (in common with every other car) is useless. For all other cities and the roads connecting them, the Lancia is the car *par excellence*. The limit of the power of a 30 h.p. 4-cylindere Lancia is never reached. As a hill-climber it is unsurpassed. As a means to silent, fluent, luxurious road-transport it has few peers and no betters. Every chassis complete with every accessory that long experience and expert study have demonstrated necessary and desirable, from a Rushmore electric-lighting installation, with all lamps, down to the last detail of the kit. Only the Coachwork to consider.

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The 26 h.p. 4-cyl. and 40 h.p. 6-cyl. models are fitted with the famous Delco Electric self-starting and lighting system. The Delco is the only system that has proved itself satisfactory for each function that it performs, i.e., starting, lighting, and igniting. No starting handle.

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The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

The Lady with the Double Chin,



who may be said to be almost ubiquitous, so frequently do we meet her in Society, may now take heart of grace. There is absolutely no reason why that double chin should any longer remain to spoil the contour of what might otherwise be a perfect face.

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Those who are able to visit London can take advantage of Mrs. Hemming's unique course of treatment for the elimination of a double chin. The lady experts who carry out this treatment at 58, South Molton Street, W., have all been trained by Mrs. Hemming, and when not away on Royal Commands, she personally supervises every case. Ladies living in the country can correspond direct with Mrs. Hemming and obtain her advice, free of charge, on all matters connected with the Toilet.

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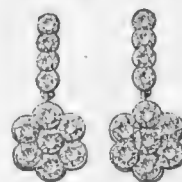
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Chats about Beauty.

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Naturally Wavy Hair.

"Home Chemistry."

Good stallax not only makes the best possible shampoo, but has the peculiar property of leaving the hair with a pronounced natural "wave," an effect presumably desired by many ladies. A teaspoonful of the stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is ample for a luxurious head wash, and leaves the hair with a peculiar lustre and fluffiness obtainable from nothing else as far as known. It is perfectly harmless and can be obtained from most chemists, although since it has been but little used for this purpose it comes only in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sealed original packages, enough to make up fifteen or twenty individual shampoos. * * * For an actual hair-grower, nothing equals pure boranium. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair-roots tingling with new life.

Home-Made Beauty.

"Cosy-Corner Chats."

The very simplest things are often the most effective in making a woman beautiful. For instance, few people know that a dull or greasy complexion can be instantly brought to a pretty, youthful, natural bloom merely by the application of ordinary clemite dissolved in water. Moreover, the method cannot be detected even under the closest scrutiny. The result will last all day long and requires no powdering even under the most trying conditions, indoors or out. If you have no clemite in the house, get about an ounce from the chemist's and add only enough water to dissolve it. Apply a little to the face. It is good for the skin and immediately produces that cool, velvety, natural "bloom" so much desired. * * * To bring a natural red colour to the lips, rub them with a soft stick of proclactum.

Clipping the Eyelashes.

"Home Surgery."

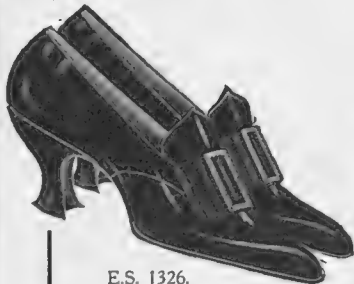
The practice of clipping off the ends of the eyelashes to make them grow longer and stronger, has fallen generally into disrepute because of the high percentage of failures in securing results. Smart women now-a-days are unwilling to take the risk of having their lashes remain permanently stubby and ugly, and they resort to a far less radical and much more effective method for producing long, dark, curling lashes and fine eyebrows. There is a somewhat rare and very delicate substance known to chemists as mennaline, which is now largely used for the purpose. It is absolutely harmless and may be applied directly with the finger-tips to the eyelash roots. * * * Rouge is always obvious, but powdered colliandum defies detection, and is quite harmless.

To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

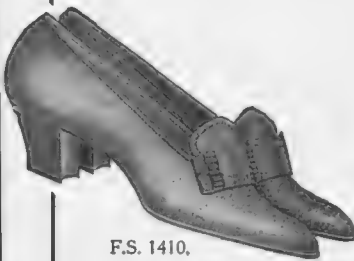
"Home Science."

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheninol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair also but to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of pheninol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient. * * * For complexions inclined to be oily many smart women are now using just the natural allacite of orange blossoms. It is perfectly harmless, makes a capital greaseless cream which holds the powder perfectly and does not encourage the growth of hair. * * * Disagreeable body odours can be instantly killed by the occasional application of a little powdered (white) pergol to the affected surfaces.

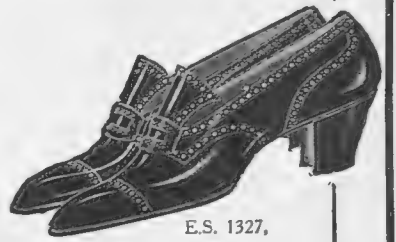
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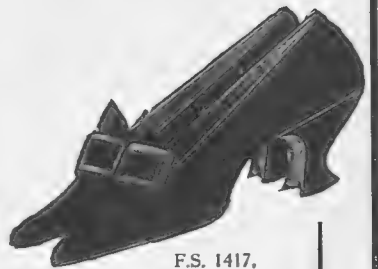
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F.S. 1410.
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AS designers of the most beautiful shoes in England, we believe these four new styles to be the daintiest we have yet produced.

They are made in a variety of leathers that will harmonise with the new season's gowns.

These Models can only be purchased from us at one of the three under-mentioned addresses.

We send on approval whenever required, and ask that post orders be sent to our City address.

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A famous and effectual remedy for Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all complaints treatable externally, such as Sciatica, Pleurisy, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Aching Joints, Stiff Neck, Sore Throat, Cold on Chest, Hard Muscles of Athletes, etc., etc. Obtainable in one large size jar only, officially sealed, price 4s. 6d., post free on receipt of postal order (abroad 3d. extra) from

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SPECIAL OFFER.—On mentioning *The Sketch* we will send trial box post free on receipt of postal order 1/- (abroad 2d. extra).

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Illustrated Price List
forwarded on
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187a, 188a, 189a,
SLOANE ST.,
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Paderewski is your Teacher on the Genuine Pianola Piano.

You have a natural instinct for music. That instinct, developed under the personal instruction of a great master, will make a far better musician of you than you could ever hope to be without this instruction.

Every time you play the genuine Pianola Piano you receive, by means of the Metrostyle device, a music lesson from a gifted musician. It may be Paderewski, or it may be Grieg, Hoffman, Pachmann, Rosenthal, Tchaikovsky, Chaminade, according to the piece you select.

You obtain a perfect insight into the composer's thoughts and intentions; with this knowledge, augmented by your own musical taste, you obtain a rendition incomparably finer than you could give on any other instrument.

THE Pianola Piano with the Metrostyle Device

The Metrostyle line on the music-roll is a master pianist's interpretation and phrasing of the composition. Follow it to the left or right with the Metrostyle pointer by moving it to the left and right, and you have a perfect expression guide.

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For Fishing, Golf, Camp, wet days in the country, and any rough exacting wear either at home or abroad, MANFIELD'S "M.Y." BOOTS, in Oiled Russet Hide with extra-stout soles, has always under test proved safe, comfortable and damp-proof. It is without an equal in this class of footwear.

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MELTONIAN CREAM—cleaned boots and shoes breathe an air of well-keptness and good character all their days—and their days in the land are long.

Because Meltonian Cream 'feeds' the leather, makes it so supple that cracks are strangers, is prepared so 'knowingly' that boots cleaned with it for a twelve-month are as free from 'cakiness' as when bought.

No polish to equal it for patent leather!

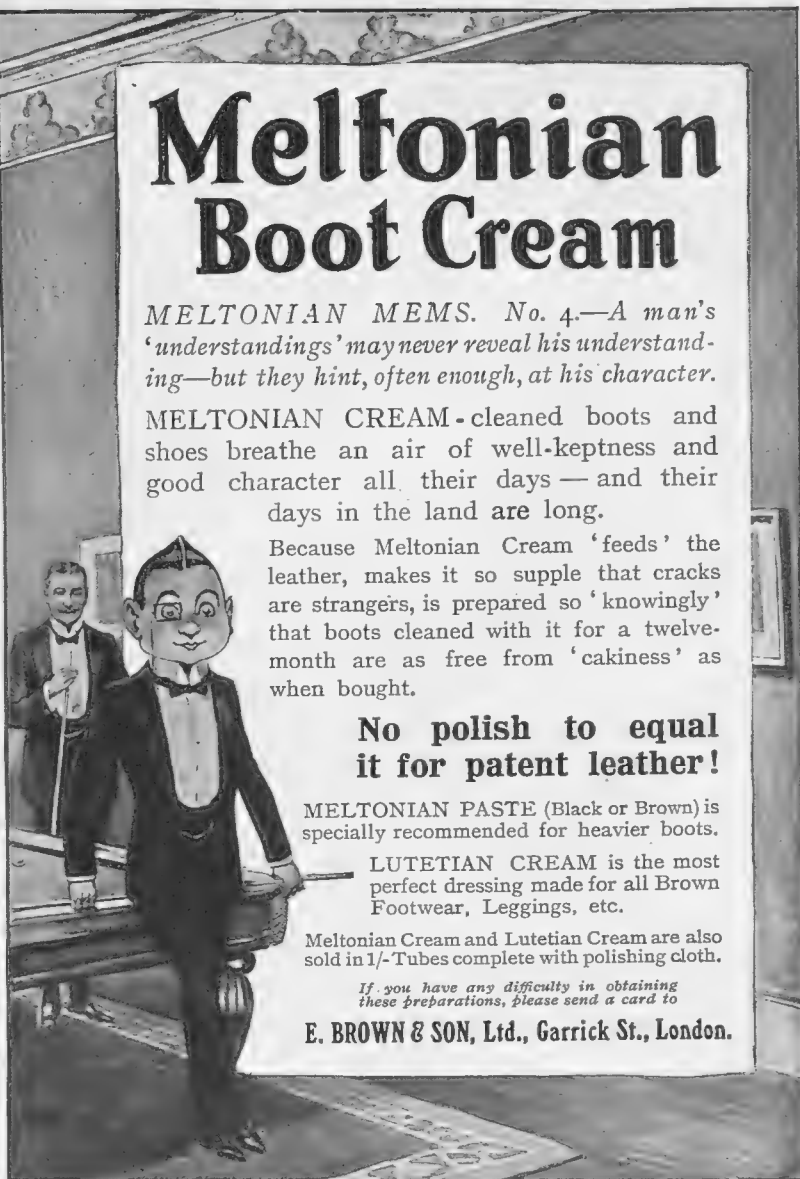
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LUTETIAN CREAM is the most perfect dressing made for all Brown Footwear, Leggings, etc.

Meltonian Cream and Lutetian Cream are also sold in 1/- Tubes complete with polishing cloth.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining these preparations, please send a card to

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Rudge Multi



STURMINSTER NEWTON,
19th February, 1913.

Dear Sir,
The mechanic you sent to see my Rudge Multi 5-6 h.p. I am thoroughly pleased with, and without doubt thoroughly understands his work. When first casting his eyes over the machine he put me in mind of an expert jockey judging his mount and knowing his mount's points. He said he would guarantee to take four up on my sidecar up St. John's Hill, Shaftesbury, average to stone apiece about. Locally they discredit it. I don't. He put my machine in order and took me over the worst hills locally I could find, including St. John's Hill, Shaftesbury. I noticed in negotiating that hill he had eight notches still to spare in the gate gear, and when doing the last corner of the hill, he was driving it not less than 20 miles an hour. The grade of this hill locally is supposed to be 1 in 4 at two of the bends. I have driven motor-cars through Dorset, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall but your Rudge Multi 5-6 h.p. would take any hills in the four counties mentioned easily at 20 miles an hour.

Thanking you for sending me your mechanic to give me a few tips necessary, and at the same time remedying the defects caused by person or persons tampering with the gate gear which is now perfectly right. I think if you could make a catch to lock up the gate gear if left at hotels, so as gate gear could not be moved, it would save novices future difficulty. (Signed) C. S. HENDER.

If you cannot call, let us send you "Rudge Wrinkles," an interesting book giving all details about "Rudgeing." Also 1913 Catalogue, post free from

Rudge - Whitworth, Ltd.
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By Appointment
Cycle Makers to
H.M. King George.

R178



Two little
minutes a day
now—
vs. years
of regret
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IT is common sense to care
for your teeth regularly
—and it takes but little time
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better teeth, better looks and
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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Cleans *safely*, with no harmful grit to scratch the enamel or cut the gums.
Cleans *hygienically*, leaving the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid.
Cleans *pleasantly*, with a delicious flavour.

Beautify and preserve your teeth by the use of this
unusual dentifrice that is both delicious and efficient

Get a tube where you buy toilet articles, or if you wish a trial size send 2d. in stamps. On request, we will include free "The Jung'e Pow-Wow"—a nursery jingle with funny animal pictures in colour that have delighted thousands of children. Simply write "Send Book."

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Dept. W 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Makers of the famous Colgate Shaving Stick



THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is a very interesting Irish priest in "The Greatest Wish," at the Garrick; but one Irish priest does not make a very satisfying drama. The author, Mr. E. Temple Thurston, has endeavoured to translate a long novel into a short play; and the usual result has followed. Most of what is good in the novel has disappeared, and we are left to contemplate a thin and lifeless story of a little girl who loves a sailor, thinks herself ill-treated, goes to a nunnery, and is rescued just in time. The main theme illustrated by the priest and his middle-aged house-keeper is that those who have no children long for them; an excellent theme were it not presented with a sweetness too ostentatious and doubly underlined. Mr. Bouchier is very urbane and genial and humorous, and Miss Henrietta Watson is very gracious and pathetic, and perhaps all may be well with the play.

The chief event in the theatres this spring is Mr. Forbes Robertson's farewell to London. He began at Drury Lane with his "Hamlet," the noblest, most unaffected, and most human Hamlet of our generation, and he followed it up with that successful appeal to the religious emotions, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In all that he does there is no sign of weariness, or age, or falling off—nothing to explain what has brought him to this decision to retire. But the decision has been made, and we must bow to it, with the hope that London will feel just one twinge of remorse for not having afforded him a permanent place upon its stage.

The New Prince's Theatre, the home of elemental melodrama, has turned for a while to higher things, and is showing us what a vigorous and breathless story can be made of the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." It is clear that even to an Easter audience in its most holiday mood, Shakespeare is still alive. The love-making, the crowds, the fighting—particularly the fighting—are all most excellently done: Mr. Harcourt Williams is an earnest, impressive Romeo, and Miss Lillian Hallows a tender and graceful Juliet; and you could not have a better Mercutio than Mr. Gordon Bailey.

Sir Herbert Tree's latest venture at His Majesty's, "The Happy Island," appears to be rather a mistake. It is a great subject—the treatment of savages by commercial civilisation—handled in a small and commonplace way. Emphasis is laid on foolish little tricks of

stage machinery; there is no touch of beauty or imagination; and the result is that the hero who goes out to trick the natives by pretending to be their god, and remains to die in their defence, is but an ineffective person uttering banalities to a most uninteresting crowd. Elaborate scenery and good acting could do little to save such a play. Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry did their best, and Sir Herbert was hopelessly hampered by the material in which he worked.

The revival of Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case" will give many an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with a vigorous piece of American melodrama which proved extremely popular a few years ago. There will always be an enthusiastic welcome for such scenes as that in which the villainess, Claire Forster, is lured into the confession which clears the hero of the charge of murder; and it is fortunate for the play that Miss Violet Vanbrugh has been secured to play the part again, for her acting is vivid in its intensity. She is well supported by Miss Nora Lancaster, and Mr. E. Dagnall's sketch of the Jew Klaufsky is a notable little touch of humour.

Of course, "Diplomacy" is a very famous play, and old playgoers love to talk about it and the great performance at "the Dust-hole"; but how will the work of 1878 appeal to the audiences of 1913, even after such a severe process of revision that the original adapters, B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, would hardly recognise it? Apparently it will please tens of thousands. Those people who read the ordinary thrillers in the sixpenny magazines will revel in its mechanically exciting story, and those who take joy in strong emotional scenes will be deeply moved by the love passages in the first act and the frenzy with which the third is ended; and those who turn up their noses at Sardou as a dead theatrical magician will sniff at its obvious theatricality and trickiness, and they will be in the minority. But all will admire the acting. Miss Gladys Cooper surprised the house by her emotional display, and Mr. Owen Nares played up to her admirably; Lady Tree caused lots of laughter; Miss Ellis Jeffreys acted the female villain very cleverly; Mr. Gerald du Maurier was at his best as Henry Beauclerc. Mr. Arthur Wontner, if a little slow, was an impressive Orloff; Miss Annie Schletter and Miss Malise Sheridan gave a foreign note with much skill.

Among the successes of this doleful season "The Yellow Jacket" seems likely to find a place, for although not thrilling as drama, it is a quaint, interesting, fairly novel entertainment, carried out

[Continued overleaf.]

1900



1913



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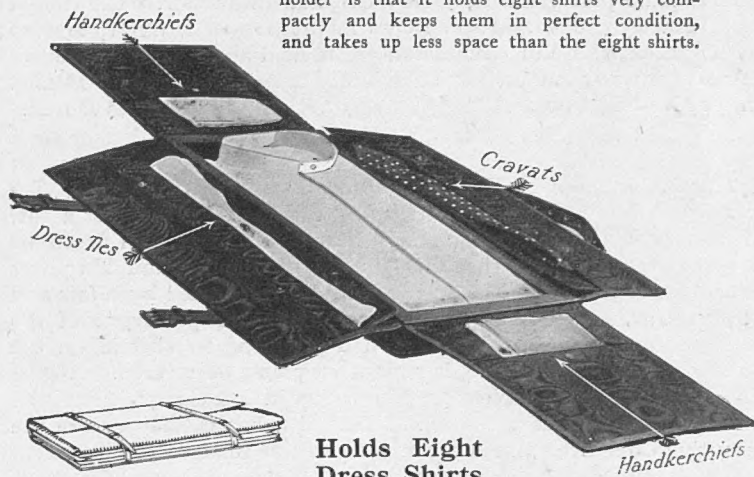
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excellently. And despite the wilful absurdity of its conventions, it has moments of real emotion and scenes of prettiness. Probably all the world will want to see the Chinese stage at the Duke of York's, and the amazing costumes and make-up, and also the very amusing chorus which, as represented admirably by Mr. Frederick Ross, caused roars of laughter, and the drily humorous property-man (very cleverly played by Mr. Holman Clark), theoretically invisible, actually the most noticeable person on the stage during most of the play. And there is some pretty music, mildly Celestial in flavour. The drama is not exactly great, and some cuts might be made, but thanks to all the accessories and circumstances, it held the house. Amongst the players we ought to name are Miss Christine Silver and Messrs. Ernest Hendrie, George Relph, Cowley Wright, and Charles Doran.

The descendants of Noah are about to revive the Ark. Instead of arriving where the cat asked the dog if he saw e'er a rat, it is to arrive at the Royal Albert Hall on June 11, and is to be on view that day and the 12th in aid of the London Hospitals Quinquennial Appeal. The arrival will be celebrated by a fair and variety show, which is to be the great philanthropic event of the coming season. Queen Alexandra had promised to visit it on the opening day, but, of course, her plans may now be altered. All the great ladies of London society are supporting it. The thing will be novel and amusing, and as the Hon. William Goschen is Chairman of the Executive Committee, financial muddle will be rendered impossible.

Sir Archibald Hunter, home on three weeks' leave of absence, finds particular friends in London. It is here that he must come to be received by the Portuguese royal family. One of his first duties at Gibraltar was to welcome Queen Amelia and King Manuel after their flight from Lisbon; to find suitable lodging, to post sentries, and manufacture a Portuguese flag, for neither the harbour nor the fort could produce one ready-made. Lady Hunter, known until their marriage, three years ago, as Mary Lady Inverclyde, returns to town with the General.

Neglected teeth are the inveterate foes of health. Teeth should, of course, be cleaned daily, but care should be taken to select a cleansing agent which is at once efficient, non-gritty, and antiseptic. Such an agent is at hand in Pebeco, which is also delightful to use. Pebeco is a creamy tooth-paste sold in large collapsible tubes at 1s. Two stamps for postage to Messrs. Beiersdorf and Co., 7 and 8, Idol Lane, London, will bring a sample tube, with an interesting mouth-health test.

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"Outside the Ark."

By ADELAIDE HOLT.
(The Bodley Head.)

Outside the ark is a class doomed to unhappiness from the outset—"the class that craves eternally, *not* the unattainable possession of another, *not* the attainable after a struggle—but the uncreated." They are restless souls, for ever and for ever outside the ark of peace and safety. They number more geniuses and more women than any other class. So, as Mrs. Holt's hero is as near a genius as a clever novelist cares to proclaim her hero, and as her heroine is perforce a woman and a romantic idealist, too, they are of the class doomed to unhappiness. Judging by the prominence which her title lends this theme, it would appear her chief intention. "Our child will have inherited his mother's and his father's natures, and neither makes for happiness," wrote Hugh Inskip to his wife, a few minutes before the liner sank. "Try to train him, while he is a baby, while he is a tiny boy, to be satisfied to remain *within the ark*." And yet the very subtle portrait which Mrs. Holt has made of his wife, Iris Davenant, suggests another rock of disaster. From first to last Hugh completely satisfied her. From first to last she might have completely satisfied him, had she had the courage of her own personality. Neither of the two was, after all, asking impossible things. Of the two, she asked most, and was abundantly content. Her whole being was consciously tuned to arrest and hold the wonderful and delightful creature she perceived in him. There she ignominiously failed, and the reason, the devastating reason, lay in the fact that she had never from babyhood really been herself. From babyhood she had been an incorrigible *poseuse*. Accustomed hourly to picture herself in effective attitudes, in attractive moods, clothed in the subtleties and glories of various notoriety of the day; accustomed, too, to present herself to others in veils meant to interest and adjusted to mislead, she omitted to cultivate the flavour of her own nature. Understudying others, she had forgotten to make herself her leading-lady. "Tell me everything you can possibly remember," said Hugh the lover and the poet. "Begin at six, and take your time working backwards; that is the way all children's stories should be written." Could she then, with the courage of humour, have given the truth to the interest she saw burning in his eyes, her victory was assured. But "I was always a dreamy child," she told him, "and very fond of reading biographies." She saw the light die out of his curious eyes. Marriage did not, as it should, end the obvious little affectations, nor the girlish attempts at profundities. And for the pathetic reason that the one reality of her

(Continued overleaf.)



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life, her love for her husband, urged their continuance. He was subtle, and she thanked God that she also was. Sometimes when he had a wild fit on him, he longed to take his pensive little wife and shake her (none too gently), and say to her, "Drop it; drop this infernal posing. For God's sake, be natural. Let us go out into the wilderness together and be tempted of the devil!" Hugh Inskip shared with all fine minds a passion for sincerity. There is nothing mean in realities. Had Iris married a middle-class man, who preferred, as his class does, sentimentalities to realities, she might have gone on very well. But she had married one who discriminated truth from fiction, and adored the one and was infinitely bored by the other. In varying degree and kind, how many women must plead guilty to the Iris attitude! How few women can echo Margaret Stair's remark, "I have ninety-nine faults, but I have one virtue. I am sincere!" The fact that Mrs. Holt's story can provoke comment so essential to human relations is a compliment in itself. The book is full of charm and interest.

"Mrs. Pratt of Paradise Farm."

By KATHARINE TYNAN.
(Smith, Elder.)

It needs not to light on the double-column page of works "by the same author" to guess that Mrs. Pratt and her farm and her lodgers come from a sophisticated source. Sophistication has its uses. Nothing can disturb the restful half-hour given to such material. Mrs. Pratt, whose sweetness lies crushed beneath a cruel suspicion of murder; her two lodgers—the dreamy, handsome bridegroom, and the little bride, so young, so dainty, so unpractical and high-born; to say nothing of that quite hoary type, the honest, devoted sailor—are all born to aid digestion, or keep the mind prone with the legs during that half-hour on the sofa. Here are no harassing suggestions nor tiresome pricks, for the mirror carefully refrains from reflecting anything upon which reflection may be made. The reader will find in this novel just a pleasant episode, pleasantly planned and pleasantly told, which leaves the runaway couple restored to their high estate, and Mrs. Pratt the cleared woman as well as the bride of the faithful tar.

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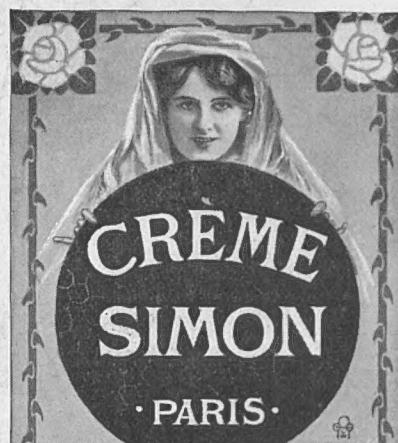
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